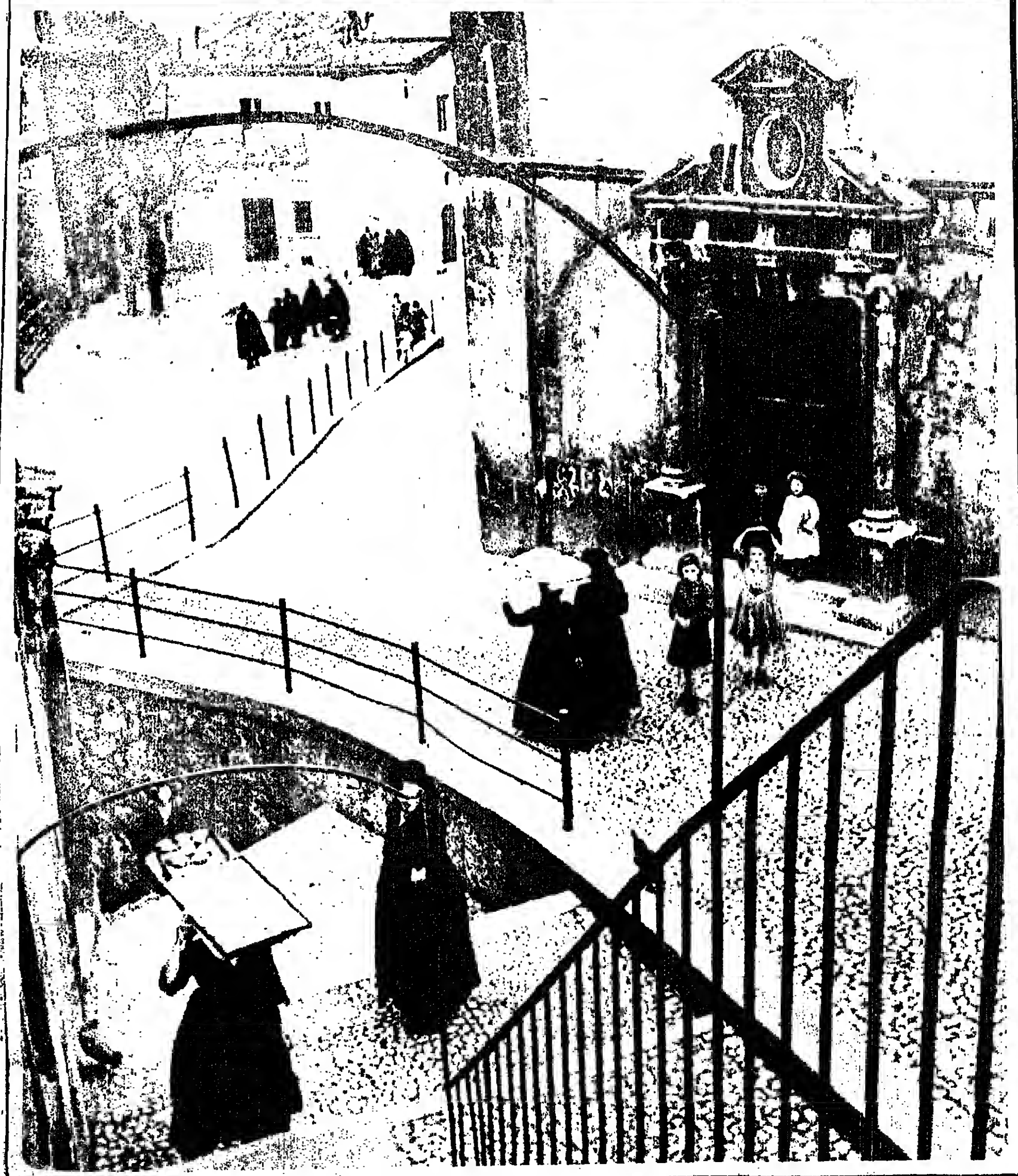


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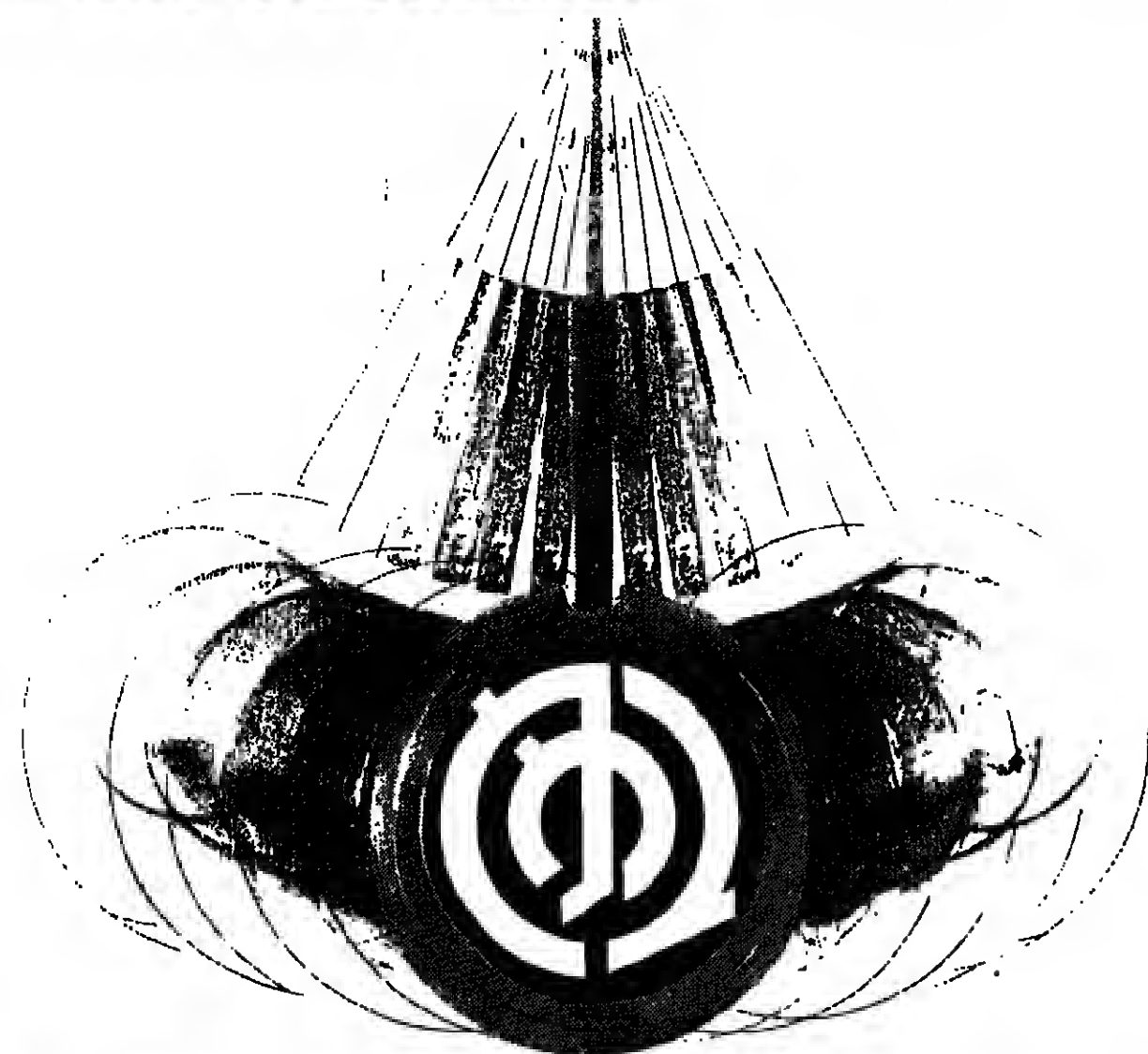
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PAGE TWO

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1983

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On the cover: Aquila degli Abruzzi, 1952 (Cartier-Bresson)

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PAGE THREE

"THE ATTACK on the Islamic College makes me despair about coexistence," said former acting Hebron mayor Mustafa Natshe. "It proves that the settlers don't want to live with us. They want to expel us and take over our homes."

"Difficulties like those of the past weeks will not deter us," declared Menahem Livni, head of the Association for Jewish Settlement in Hebron. "The settlers of Rosh Pina and Hama also had difficulties, but in the end they succeeded."

The most recent cycle of violence in Hebron, which began a month ago with the murder of yeshiva student Aharon Gross, and culminated in last week's murderous attack on the town's Islamic College, in which three Arabs were killed and 33 wounded, has increased the bitterness and sharpened the confrontation, in what was already an explosive situation.

Tension between Jewish settlers and local Arabs exists all over the West Bank, but Hebron is an extreme case, both because of the close physical proximity of the two communities and because of the passion with which each side espouses its cause.

Without cinemas or other places of entertainment, Hebron is the most Muslim town on the West Bank. It is also the first town where Jewish settlers have determined to create a Jewish presence in the very heart of an Arab community.

ABRAHAM, THE FIRST Jew, bought the Machpelah cave in Hebron in which to bury his wife, Sara. The Muslims also revere Abraham, and the mosque there is called the Ibrahimi Mosque. The modern Jewish presence in Hebron predates Zionism by several hundred years. The Avraham Avinu synagogue was built there in the 16th century, and a Jewish neighbourhood was constructed around it. Jews continued to live in Hebron, until they were evacuated after the massacre of 1929 in which 59 Jews were murdered by an Arab mob.

The Jewish presence there was restored after Rabbi Moshe Levinger led a sit-in at Hebron's Park Hotel in 1968, followed by a four-year stay at the military government headquarters, which led to the founding of Kiryat Arba. His wife, Miriam, headed the group of Jewish women, who sat it out in the Hadassah building in the centre of Hebron (their persistence eventually resulted in the start of reconstruction of the Jewish Quarter there).

Today the Levings live in one of the first reconstructed houses of the quarter next to the Avraham Avinu synagogue. Rnhei Nir, now a neighbour of the Levings, used to live at Shuvei Shomron in Samaria; but she and her husband decided that they did not like living behind barbed wire.

"That is no way to live in the Land of Israel," she told me. "We have to live naturally, among the people."

She has got her wish: she opened the window of her guest bedroom and I could have reached out and stolen a sweetmeat from the tray of an Arab vendor in the casbah. That is how close together Jews and Arabs are living in the city of the Patriarchs.

ARMY AND POLICE sources say they are doing all that is humanly possible to prevent incidents between the two groups, and safeguard security; but, in the present situation they cannot be 100 per cent effective. Senior officers



The temporary fruit market set up by Hebron's Arabs after most of the stalls and some shops in the old market were destroyed by fire. (Dr. J. Fikman)

West Bank flash point

Daniel Gavron

are bitter about media emphasis on the failures. For the most part, they maintain, they have been remarkably successful in a difficult situation.

Some weeks ago, quick thinking on the part of an IDF officer prevented an ugly incident at the Machpelah cave. A large crowd of Muslims, defying a curfew, had come to pray while Jewish worshippers were still there. A number of the Jewish settlers had demanded firm action to disperse the Muslims; but the man on the spot talked to leaders of both groups, allowed a few Muslims through, and defused the situation quietly. There had been numerous similar incidents, I was told, but these did not get publicity. The security sources would not discuss matters of policy; but, talking to senior officers, both in the police and the IDF, one gets the impression that their job would be that much easier, if there were no Jews actually living in Hebron. There could be yeshivot and synagogues in the town; but the students and worshippers would live in Kiryat Arba nearby.

THE IDEA THAT Jews living in Hebron are a "provocation" was contemptuously dismissed by Menahem Livni, when I spoke to him in the Kiryat Arba offices of the Association for Jewish Settlement in Hebron.

"Isn't Tel Aviv a provocation?" he demanded sarcastically. All

Jewish settlement in the Land of Israel, from the earliest days, had been against Arab wishes. If Jews had not gone to settle in Arab-populated areas, there would be no State of Israel today, he maintained.

Jewish settlement in Hebron was a stabilizing factor, he asserted, because once the Arabs realized that the Jews meant business, they would accept the situation.

Bearded, serious, speaking in calm, measured tones, Livni condemned all the recent violence, but insisted that the source was Arab. "Arabs kill Arabs and Arabs kill Jews," he insisted. "Jews don't kill either Arabs or other Jews."

He said that he found it "difficult to believe" that it had been Jews who carried out the attack on the Islamic College. You could not be absolutely sure, he admitted, every society had its extremists; but this was an extraordinary case.

Livni condemned the burning of the wholesale vegetable market, which had taken place after the murder of Aharon Gross, but in this case he did not deny that Jewish extremists might have been responsible. "An open door attracts a thief," he suggested, claiming that such events would not occur if the security forces adopted a tougher policy. He called for harsher jail sentences, bigger fines, expulsions and the blowing up of houses of Arabs involved in sabotage or disturbances.

"My message to the local Arabs is the same as that of Joshua, when he entered the Promised Land," he told me. "Those who want to remain and live with us can stay; those who wish

to leave can go; but those who want to fight will find us ready for battle."

No area could be forbidden to Jewish settlement, he insisted, claiming that he had power of attorney from most of the original Jewish property owners in Hebron or their descendants. He showed me a map of the centre of Hebron with the formerly Jewish property marked. That of the Habad movement was marked in orange, that of the Kollel Sephardi Magen Avot in blue, and private Jewish homes were marked in green.

He acknowledged that not all Israelis were extremists. Two weeks ago, he had received a group of 50 settlers from Gush Etzion in the Golan Heights. They were reasonable people, he told me, not like "the fanatics" in Hebron. He had also met Israelis from Peace Now and other movements. He quoted with appreciation statements by Alignment leaders that Jews should not live in the centre of Hebron.

In his view, Jews could live in Hebron — even in the centre of town — but only in the context of a comprehensive settlement of the Palestinian problem. The two peoples had lived together in the past, and they could live together in the future. He owned property in Jerusalem and Ramat Hasharon; Jews had owned property in Hebron. All property claims could be settled fairly in the context of peace.

"In the present situation, everything is a problem," he told me. "With peace, anything is possible."

He resolutely denied that he had ever been guilty of incitement. He did not deny that he had encouraged vendors to resist being moved from the market. He did not

to leave can go; but those who want to fight will find us ready for battle."

Natshe, 53, a chemical engineer by profession, is soft-spoken and reserved. He owns oil, soap and paint factories, and a stone-cutting plant. Neatly dressed in a well-cut suit and tie, he invited us into his comfortable lounge and offered us

becoming used to a situation where those who attacked Arabs were not caught or punished, he noted sadly.

He had not changed his views, but such events made the people sad and bitter. On the other hand, Ossily was appreciative of what was being written in much of the Israeli press. "I read *The Jerusalem Post* editorial on July 27," he said, "and it was wonderful." Ossily was still ready for coexistence, but it had to be on the basis of absolute equality, he said. "I am ready to give you your rights, but you must give me my rights. We are both human beings and have to deal with each other on these terms."

He knew that the Hebron settlers were a minority, he said, but recent events proved how influential they were. There could be coexistence with most Israelis, he intimated, but not with these people. "I don't think that the majority of you Israelis can coexist with the settlers — how do you expect us to?" he demanded.

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Neura Bleicher in Beit Romano. (Right) Mustafa Natshe, former acting mayor

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He had not changed his views, but such events made the people sad and bitter. On the other hand, Ossily was appreciative of what was being written in much of the Israeli press. "I read *The Jerusalem Post* editorial on July 27," he said, "and it was wonderful." Ossily was still ready for coexistence, but it had to be on the basis of absolute equality, he said. "I am ready to give you your rights, but you must give me my rights. We are both human beings and have to deal with each other on these terms."

He knew that the Hebron settlers were a minority, he said, but recent events proved how influential they were. There could be coexistence with most Israelis, he intimated, but not with these people. "I don't think that the majority of you Israelis can coexist with the settlers — how do you expect us to?" he demanded.

He acknowledged Jewish claims in Hebron, and recalled the murders of 1929; but he noted that there were many Arab families who had protected their Jewish neighbours.

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DAHAF

PROSPECTS IN LEBANON

LEBANON, 14 months after Israel's invasion last June, is still in a state of chaos, the delicate political balance upset by that invasion still to be restored. Yet the signs are now beginning to emerge that a new order in Lebanon is in the making.

To be sure, it is not exactly the kind of order the Begin government appeared to have in mind once "Operation Peace for Galilee" snowballed beyond its original objective of securing the northern border from PLO attacks, giving rise to optimistic forecasts in Jerusalem of a Phalange-controlled Lebanon joining Israel and Egypt in a Middle East "peace triangle."

That never very well-hashed dream would appear finally to have foundered on the rock of Syria's implacable opposition to any arrangement that would take Lebanon out of the general Arab orbit into a special relationship with Israel. The rhetoric still coming from Jerusalem concerning the future of Israel-Lebanese relations, hardly carries conviction.

Today, Jerusalem would seem to be pretty well resigned to the fact that Syria is not likely to leave Lebanon for the foreseeable future. Not that, is, unless Israel is prepared to make unacceptable political concessions (such as scrapping its agreement with Lebanon or, even more improbably, agreeing to bring Syria and its Soviet sponsors into the Middle East peace process, reopening the future of the Golan Heights). Or unless it is prepared to remove the Syrians physically, in what is likely to be an extremely costly operation that the government apparently now believes would not justify the political gains.

And with that realization at last beginning to sink in, there have been several unmistakable signs that Jerusalem is shifting the focus of its attention away from Beirut and the shaky regime of Amin Gemayel, still reluctant to throw in its lot irrevocably with Israel, to Southern Lebanon and the indigenous political forces within the 45-km. zone that last summer's invasion was intended to secure.

What appears to be happening is the gradual abandonment of a policy based on achieving a normal agreement with a powerful, pro-Israeli government in Beirut in favour of the creation of some form of informal Israeli protectorate in Southern Lebanon.

THE FIRST sign of this apparent shift in policy came in the middle of last month, when the cabinet formally decided to redeploy IDF forces in Lebanon in an attempt to cut down Israeli casualties.

This decision was clearly a response to the growing domestic pressure on the government to extricate the country from the Lebanese quagmire and put a stop to the mounting toll of Israeli dead and wounded in what has become Israel's longest war.

But there can be little doubt now that the government's somewhat belated readiness to respond to this pressure owed not a little to a fundamental reassessment of Israel's goals in Lebanon, taking



David Bernstein

into account the improbability of Syria's leaving and the consequent improbability of the Israeli agreement with Lebanon ever being implemented.

This being the case, Jerusalem has been able to make a decision based on its own self-interest without apparently being too concerned about the impact of this decision on the overall political balance in Lebanon or, more specifically, on the survivability of Gemayel and his government.

Thus, the Israeli government has not been swayed by Beirut's — or, for that matter, Washington's — fears that a pullback from the Shouf will leave a power vacuum that is likely to intensify the current Christian-Druse unrest in the area and further undermine Gemayel.

Israeli protestations that it intends pacifying the Shouf and bringing about an understanding between the Gemayel government and the Druse do not appear particularly convincing.

Whatever the reason, Israel has not over the past year been able to

build up a viable Druse alternative to the strongly pro-Syrian and anti-Israeli Jumblatt forces in the Shouf. And the Jumblattis are extremely unlikely to strike a deal with Gemayel unless their basic political demands are met — including not only assurances of security for the Druse of the Shouf and a greater say in the running of Lebanon, but also the abandonment of any pro-American or pro-Israeli orientation in favour of one towards Syria and the Arab world.

What is more, with the Jumblattis in the ascendancy in the Shouf, there can be no assurance that the way will not be clear for the return, sooner or later, of their Syrian and PLO allies into central Lebanon and perhaps even into Beirut itself.

Yet all the signs are that Jerusalem is not overly concerned about such an eventuality, and is bent on implementing its redeployment plans regardless of the outcome.

From Israel's point of view, it would now seem, Gemayel can sink or swim. What really matters are the immediate goal of reducing Israeli casualties in Lebanon and the longer-term one of making certain that the original objective of Operation Peace for Galilee is achieved and the northern border secured.

A FURTHER indication of this change in policy came this week, when Israel moved to curb the activities of the Phalange-dominated "Lebanese Forces" Christian militia in Southern Lebanon, closing down at least one of their bases in the area.

The signal was clear. With attention shifting from Beirut to the south, Israel was going to have to loosen its ties with the Phalange if it was to have any chance of building lasting ties with the indigenous political forces in Southern Lebanon. And such ties are essential if Israel is ever to shift the burden of keeping Southern Lebanon free of hostile forces from the IDF to the local population.

At least part of this burden will probably be assumed by the tried and trusted militia of Major Sa'ad Haddad, whose fortunes sank to an unprecedented low when he was all but sold out by Israel in the agreement with Lebanon earlier this year. He must be extremely relieved to see Israel's interest shift back from Beirut to the south.

Haddad's fortunes are clearly once again in the ascendant, with Israel apparently falling back on the option of creating the kind of protectorate in Southern Lebanon that he had run very successfully prior to last June's invasion.

An earlier conception appears to have envisaged Haddad in control of the entire 45-km. zone up in the Awali River, as Haddad himself confirmed in an interview with *The Jerusalem Post* in Sidon more than a year ago.

But it was clear even then, as a spokesman for the Shi'ite Amal movement in Southern Lebanon told *The Post* at about the same time, that there was little hope of Haddad's being acceptable to the Shi'as, who make up some 80 per cent of the population in Southern Lebanon.

Instead, the spokesman said, Israel would be much better advised to base any long-term policy it might have in Southern Lebanon on the Shi'as, who had proven themselves just as effective as Haddad in keeping the PLO out of their villages and were open to developing an informal understanding with Israel in the south.

There have been signs over the past year that Israel has kept an open mind on this option, which today appears more relevant than ever before. And this week's curb on the Phalange in Southern Lebanon would undoubtedly be interpreted by the Shi'as in the south as meaning that Israel's past association with the hated Christian militia need not stand in the way of future cooperation with them.

Haddad is not likely to take kindly to any such cooperation between Israel and the Shi'as, which would clearly be at the expense of his own authority in the region. But he may have little choice if Jerusalem does in fact perceive that it is impossible to foist him on a largely hostile local population that is itself willing to enter into the same kind of relationship with Israel.

One possible scenario, then, would envisage the gradual reduction of Israel's military presence in

Southern Lebanon and the transfer of security in the region to local Shi'ite and Christian militias, hopefully functioning in cooperation with each other.

Such a scenario presupposes that no strong central government is likely to emerge in Beirut that is capable of keeping Southern Lebanon free of hostile forces to Israel's satisfaction — which would certainly appear to be the case at the moment, with the agreement made with Lebanon earlier this year seemingly incapable of being implemented.

It also presupposes the *de facto* partition of Lebanon, with Syria more or less permanently ensconced in the east and possibly the north of the country, and Israel maintaining a powerful zone of influence, if not an actual physical presence, in the south.

THAT ISRAEL appears to have come to terms with such a *de facto* partition has also become clearer in recent days.

Reports following last Sunday's cabinet meeting suggested that Israel is now amenable in principle to a separation of forces agreement with Syria in Lebanon, with reports from Beirut suggesting that this is, in fact, what President Ronald Reagan's new Middle East envoy, Robert McFarlane, will be proposing to the Syrians.

Such an agreement has obvious attractions for Israel, as it would clearly help reduce Israeli casualties and greatly reduce the chances of an accidental flare-up between the two opposing armies in the Bekaa.

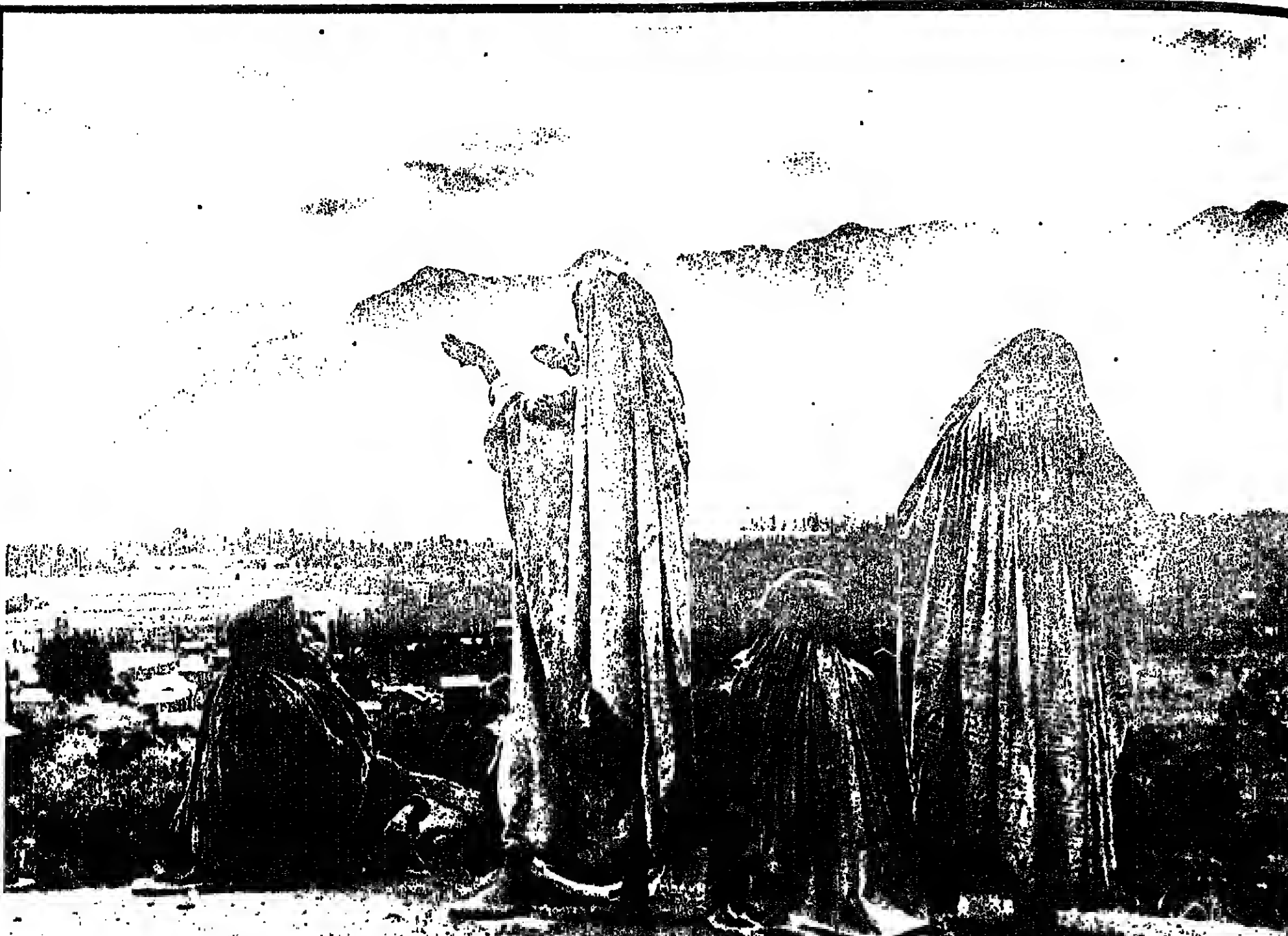
Syria, too, is likely to find the idea of a separation of forces acceptable, just as it has accepted a similar arrangement in the Golan Heights. For it would leave Damascus firmly in control of that part of Lebanon which it views as most important strategically and at the same time reduce the chances of a clash with Israel that could escalate beyond the parameters it finds acceptable and endanger its strategic position in Lebanon.

What is more, such an arrangement would hold out the prospect of removing Israel from the strategically vital Jebel Baruk, possibly transferring the mountain lookout to the control of an international peacekeeping force, following the precedent of Umm Hashiba in Sinai.

It is, however, likely to prove no more palatable to the Gemayel government than was Israel's redeployment decision last month. For it would signal Israel's tacit recognition that the Syrians are in Lebanon to stay, and put paid to any lingering hopes Beirut might have — and which the Phalange certainly have — that the IDF will yet take on the Syrians and remove them by force.

But, as in the case of the redeployment decision and the move to clamp down on the Phalange in the south, Gemayel's problems would appear to be of little interest to Israel today — or, at least, of considerably less interest than the need to reduce Israeli casualties and secure Israel's northern border. □

هكذا من الأصل



HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON, a painter by inclination and training, took up photography in the 1920s, some hundred years after the revolutionary process had been invented, and became one of the century's chief exponents of the art.

The exhibition of his works that opens at the Tel Aviv Museum on August 9, spans some 50 years of discovery with his camera, which he refers to as his "sketch book, an instrument of intuition and spontaneity, the master of the instant."

In the '20s, photography had reached a new level of development with the appearance of the small camera. Portable and simple to operate, using a strong lens and sensitive film which enabled a breakthrough into hitherto-unexplored areas; it was no longer the awkward, heavy machine which imposed itself on the subject, but a "natural," eye-level presence, allowing rapid reaction to a stimulating, dynamic and curious world.

In Germany, illustrated magazines had just begun to appear and the new sophistication in reproduction techniques engendered a difference in attitude towards the subjects of art and visual communication. At the Bauhaus, artists were experimenting with the unique qualities of photographic optics and with light-sensitive materials, while, in New York, Alfred Stieglitz had opened an *avant garde* gallery, where he began to exhibit photographs next to paintings.

The rebellion against conservative academism had begun. Slowly photography began to claim its place among the plastic arts, and it was against this background that 20-year-old Cartier-Bresson, after two years of painting with cubist artist André Lohé, decided to leave his studio in favour of the surging life that awaited him outside. He began to travel and photograph extensively, becoming involved in the cultural life of Paris.

His work was influenced by André Breton, the surrealist poet, whose works were widely published in those days, and by two Hungarian-born photographers, André Kertész and Martin Munkacsy, and who introduced an unusual, very personal, concept of photography. Several years later, Cartier-Bresson was to meet photographer Robert Capa, also of Hungarian origin, who told him that he stood no chance of surviving if he insisted on defining himself as a surrealist photographer. "It would be better if you called yourself a photo-journalist," Capa advised.

At the outbreak of World War II, Cartier-Bresson was taken prisoner by the Germans. After 35 months of imprisonment, he managed to escape and returned to Paris. There he adopted a new identity, joined the Resistance, and was believed to be missing.

In 1946, when the Museum of Modern Art in New York decided to hold a "posthumous" exhibition of his works, he surprisingly appeared to help complete the exhibition.

A year later, along with Robert Capa, David Seymour-Chim and George Rodger, he founded Magnum, the prestigious cooperative agency.

CARTIER-BRESSON, now 74 and living in Paris, originated the concept of "the decisive moment," that split second in which all the elements that make up photography converge on the same axis — the subject, its formal expression, and the awareness of the photographer, who reacts instinctively to seize the subject with perfect timing.

"To take photographs is to hold one's breath... in the face of fleeing reality... to recognize — simultaneously and within a fraction of a second — both the fact itself and the rigorous organization of visually perceived forms that give it meaning," wrote Bresson.

He was the first Western photographer to visit the Soviet Union after the restoration of international relations, continuing to Cuba, Mexico, Canada and the United States. He was also the first to hold an exhibition of photographs at the Louvre.

With his sense for merging form and content and intuitive reaction to chance situations, Cartier-Bresson has transcended the labels of surrealism or photo-journalism once attributed to him. His influence on others is unmistakable, and his efforts to make both the camera and his physical presence as inconspicuous as possible have become an inseparable part of his life story.

Israeli photographer **MICHA BAR-AM** focuses on **HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON**, an exhibition of whose works opens in Tel Aviv on Tuesday.

Master of the moment



(Above) Funeral of a Kabuki actor, Japan 1945. (top) Shrinagar, Kashmir 1948.

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

FOR CHILDREN

- Jerusalem**
ADVENTURES IN JERUSALEM — From Puppet Festival. For age 5 and above. (From Theatre, tomorrow at 11:30 a.m., Wednesday at 7 p.m.)
- BOX SHOW** — From Puppet Festival. For ages 7-10. About 5000 puppet comedians who can live in their own box house. (Kham, Wednesday at 11 a.m.)
- ETIENNE** — From Puppet Festival. For age 6 and above. (From Theatre, Thursday at 9 p.m.)
- FROM ENEMY TO FRIEND** — Based on a Shmuel Averbach story, performed by pupils of Hachshara School. (Levi's, Wednesday at 4:30 p.m.)
- FROM LAUGH TO LAUGH** — Chaplinesque clown performance by the Meir Wiesel Theatre. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 11:15 a.m., Wednesday at 11:15 a.m.)
- GIGI AND THE MOON** — Wanders theatre with audience participation. (Israel Museum, Sunday and Thursday at 4:30 p.m.)
- THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO** — Guided tour in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday and Wednesday at 5:30 p.m.)
- THE JUDGMENT WITH THE WIND** — From Puppet Festival. For the whole family. A story about King Solomon. (Liberty Bell Garden Amphitheatre, Wednesday and Thursday at 5:30 p.m.)
- THE KING AND THE MOON** — From Puppet Festival. For age 5 and above. (Liberty Bell Garden, Stage 2, Wednesday at 5 p.m.)
- MAZLUZ — A STORY IS BORN** — (Israel Museum, Wednesday at 4:30 p.m., Sunday, Monday, Thursday and Friday at 11:15 a.m.)
- NATIONAL STRING ORCHESTRA** — Conducted by Dr. Meir Wiesel. (Israel Museum, Hermon Mayer Terrace, Tuesday at 7 p.m.)
- NAUGHTY FLIC** — From Puppet Festival. For ages 5-12. The story of an evil scientist. (Liberty Bell Garden, Stage 1, Thursday at 5 p.m.)
- Tel Aviv area**
FAMILY FUN — Including tricks by clowns, puppets, dolphins and sea lions, puppet theatre, clowns, cartoons and more. (Dolphinarium, 4 hours, Star Park, today at 10 a.m. and 12 p.m.; other days at 10 a.m., 12 p.m. and 3 p.m.)
- Other Towns**
FROM LAUGH TO LAUGH — (Kibbutz Moshava Sadeh, Monday at 5 p.m.)
- THE INDIAN MARCH-FLIT** — From Puppet Festival. For age 5 and above. (Liberty Bell Garden, Stage 1, Wednesday at 10 p.m.)
- PLANCHETTI** — From Puppet Festival. Walking Puppet and Theatre for the whole family. (Liberty Bell Garden, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)
- PUNCH AND JUDY** — From Puppet Festival. For age 4 and above. (Liberty Bell Garden Amphitheatre, Thursday at 9 p.m.)
- THE RICK FLOWER** — From Puppet Festival. For age 5-11. The story of a boy who enchanted garden. (From Theatre, Wednesday at 1 p.m.)
- THE SILENT THEATRE** — From Puppet Festival. Performance for the whole family. (Liberty Bell Garden Amphitheatre, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)
- STANFEL'S SUPER CIRCUS** — From Puppet Festival. Circus animals and artists perform for the whole family. (Kham, Wednesday at 2 p.m., Thursday at 11 a.m.)
- A STORY FROM CHELAI** — From Puppet Festival. For age 5-11. A joyful Shalom story. (From Theatre, Thursday at 10 a.m. and 4 p.m.)
- STORIES OF SUN AND MOON** — From Puppet Festival. For the whole family. A story about children who let their imagination run wild. (From Theatre, Wednesday and Thursday at 6:10 p.m.)
- THE WAY BEHIND THE SHADOW** — From Puppet Festival. For age 4-7. The story of a kind monster. (From Theatre, Wednesday at 10 a.m.)



The devils in Hell, Monty Python style: a scene from Terry Gilliam's "Time Bandits." (See review on page G.)

ENTERTAINMENT

- Jerusalem**
APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Lavinia Hotel, Sunday at 9 p.m., King David Hotel, Sunday at 9 p.m.)
- THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM** — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English by Jeremy Hyman, David Isidori, Isaac Weinstock, directed by Michael Schneider. (Hilton, tonight at 9:30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)
- EPHRAIM SHAMIR** — Programme of songs. (Kham Theatre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)
- GOLDEN GUITAR** — Shmuel Maron plays classical and Russian pieces tomorrow and Tuesday. (Lavinia Hotel, classical, jazz and Israeli folk pieces on Wednesday and Thursday. (Zohar, the Buddha, 9 Yot Salmon, at 8 p.m.)
- GOLDEN MELODIES** — To the accompaniment of 2 violins and accordion. (Liberty Bell Garden, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)
- HOVA GROUP** — Dancing and singing. (Liberty Bell Garden, Monday at 8 p.m.)
- ISRAELI FOLKLORE** — Taste of Israel
- Tel Aviv area**
THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — (Hilton, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)
- GIDI GOV AND YONI RECHTER** — (Lavinia, tomorrow at 8:30 and 10:30 p.m.; (Hilton, Monday at 9 p.m.)
- FIDDLER ON THE ROOF** — Musical directed by Leon Abbott. (Hilton, Large Hall, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m., Monday and Thursday at 8 p.m., Tuesday and Wednesday at 8:30 p.m. and 9 p.m.)
- Other Towns**
CAFE CONCERTO — Light classical music by various performers daily. (Sharon Hotel, Tuesday, today at 4 p.m. and 6 p.m., Tuesday 5 p.m. and 7 p.m.; all other days 5 p.m. and 7 p.m.)
- YOSHI BANAI** — (Nahariya, Sat, tonight at 9:45 p.m.)

THEATRE

- All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.
- Jerusalem**
ANNA KIRSH — Musical by the Moss Zion Theatre Group. (Kham Theatre, Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)
- AUTUMN PORTRAITS** — From the International Puppet Festival. Evening of humour, illusion and compelling visual imagery. (Kham, Wednesday at 8:30 p.m.)
- ETIENNE** — From the Puppet Festival. Simple stories through hands and fingers playing in a beam of light. (Kham, Thursday at 9:30 p.m.)
- FAUST** — From the Puppet Festival. Based on Mark Twain and Goethe. (From Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, Wednesday at 9:30 p.m.)
- HAMLET** — From the Puppet Festival. A modern interpretation of the Shakespeare work. (From Theatre, Thursday at 9:30 p.m.)
- HEBREW UNIVERSITY THEATRE GROUP** — Present a 2-part concert: "The Black Prince" (Hebrew); "The Bar" (Hebrew). (From Theatre, tomorrow at 9:30 p.m.)
- Tel Aviv area**
CRAZY TEACHER — (Hilton, Monday at 9 p.m.)
- DESIRE** — (Hilton, Small Hall, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)
- FRODO'S OF SCAPIN** — By the Cameri Theatre. (Walt Amphitheatre, tomorrow at 8:30 p.m.)
- GOOD** — By P. Taylor. Cameri production, directed by Haim Rosen. (Lavinia, Wednesday and Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)
- LATE DIVORCE** — By A.H. Yehoshua. Yehoshua-Zedek Theatre, today at 10 p.m.; tomorrow at 9:40 p.m.; Tuesday at 9 p.m.)
- MUTINY** — Based on the story by Yehoshua Sadeh. Directed by Neta Chilton. About the big seamen's 1951 strike for democratic representation. (Haim Leish, tonight at 9 p.m.; tomorrow, Tuesday and Wednesday at 9 p.m.)
- THE RUBBER MERCHANTS** — (In English). (Lavinia, Sunday at 8:30 p.m.; Wednesday and Thursday at 4:30 p.m.)
- SEA, SUMMER '82** — 2 girls and a boy by the seashore. (Lavinia, today at 3 p.m.)
- THE SUITCASE PACKERS** — A light comedy by Hannah Levin. A Cameri Theatre production. (Cameri Theatre, Wednesday and Thursday at 8:30 p.m.)
- SWENEY TODD** — Musical drama by the Cameri Theatre. (Cameri, tomorrow and Monday at 8:30 p.m.)
- THE TRUE WEST** — Cameri Theatre production. (Lavinia, Monday and Tuesday at 8:30 p.m.)
- Other Towns**
GYPSY THEATRE — With Zvi Hershon and Arie Asaf. (Migdal Ha'Emek, Community Centre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)
- TIE IYAR CONNECTION** — (Kibbutz Itan, Sunday at 9 p.m.; Kiryat Shmona, Beit Leishon, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)
- THE SURVIVOR** — (Kinneret, Bau-Zion Auditorium, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

For last-minute changes in programmes or times of performances, please contact box office.

Material for publication must be at the Jerusalem Post offices in Jerusalem (the editors) the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

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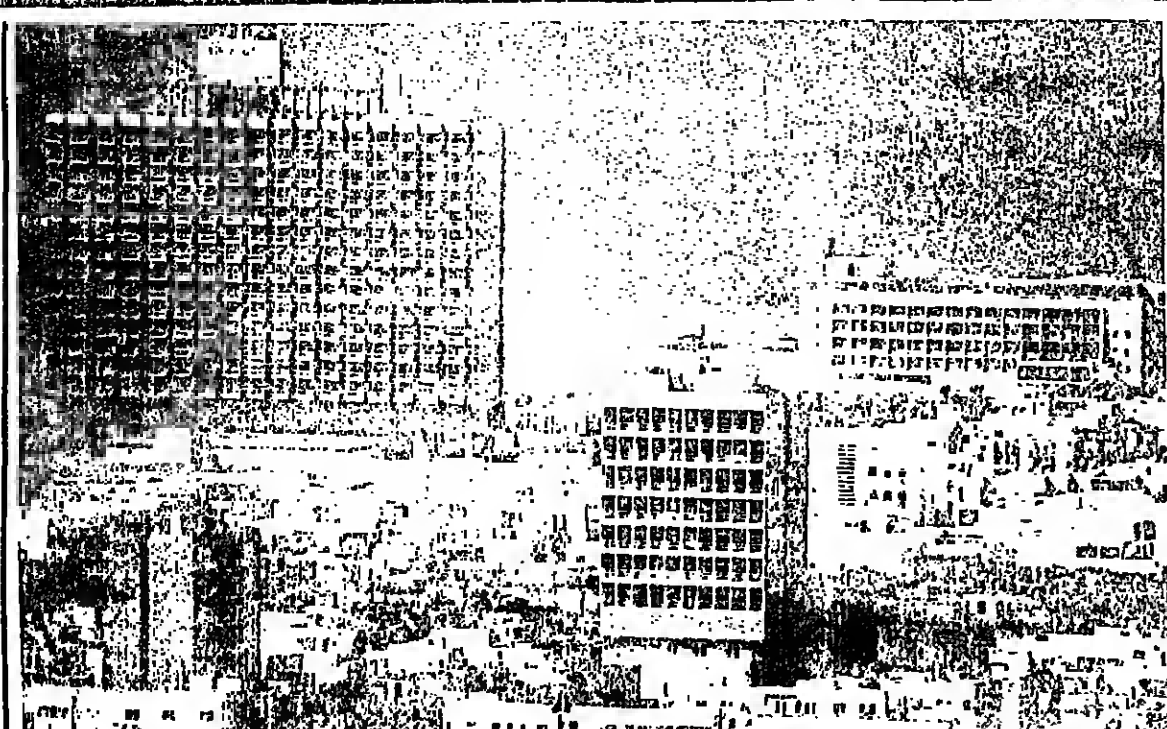
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WHENEVER friends return from trips abroad they come back with stories of marvelous meals eaten at pleasant restaurants for reasonable prices. That, unfortunately, is hardly the case for the diner-out in the Tel Aviv area, where price-gouging is the rule more than the exception. I'm not referring to top-notch restaurants of an international class such as the Cashe or Ying-Yang where you do get value for money, but to eateries which have become fashionable and whose owners are ready to cash in on the gullibility of the local diners, too many of whom seem to have too much to spend. This year it seems there is a premium on pretentiousness, the attitude being that the sky's the limit - in prices, if not in service or quality.

Regrettably, local restaurant standards seem to be developing in inverse ratio to the increasing quality of many locally-made products. In New York you pay \$30 in a really top restaurant only; in Little Tel Aviv, this sum regularly appears on hills in many second-rate outfits.

ISRAELIS seem on the whole too awed by the push front put on by mediocre joints to protest against this extortion, something they would not tolerate in other areas of life. If our society has now added to its long-standing mélange of Lodz and Casablanca the aspiration to emulate Dallas, it's about time we learned the very careful husbanding of dollars and cents that one sees among Americans at home. They would never tolerate the kind of establishments that flourish in our midst.

Curiously enough, some American Jews seem to suspend their good sense about much in the Jewish state - to the general profit of merchants, including restaurants. They may not vocalize their protest as they would back home, but it is a frequent reason for their not returning to Israel. Two often one hears friends abroad complaining, "It's so expensive in Israel, especially in restaurants." One would think that the Ministry of Tourism might do something about it.

RECENTLY, while at the Kiosk, an eating place adjoining the Neve Zedek theatre in the same picturesque neighbourhood of Little Tel Aviv, I found one reason why the ministry's extensive personnel does nothing to remedy the situation. Having heard that the place had become fashionable among Tel

Rip-offs

MATTERS OF TASTE
Mark Segal

Aviv's smart set, I found - after less than a year - that it was run down, with service haphazardly supplied by lady friends of the proprietor wearing a range of cast-offs from the Carmel Market.

Not over-hungry, my companion and I ordered a plate of mixed patés plus a bowl of green salad each, washed down with a bottle of Carmel's excellent Sauvignon Blanc. The fact that the salad, which came with a blue cheese dressing, looked a bit tired, did nothing to alleviate my shock on receiving the bill: the equivalent of \$40! I had just returned from New York, where one can get a really good meal for \$20, with no extras.

Spying Tourism Ministry Director General Rafi Farber hosting about five other couples on my way out, I strutted over and vented my ire. His friendly response was: "Oh - I haven't paid yet," the implication being that his evening out was on the house.

A COUSIN from a Galilee kibbutz visited me recently and, wanting to show her the bright city lights, I took her to Old Jaffa. We spent a lovely evening strolling along the winding alleyways and popping in and out of galleries. Our contentment lasted until we went to dine at La Méditerranée, so inviting because of its location overlooking the sea under the open sky.

Our first course, shrimps in a garlic sauce, was acceptable, but the fillets of sole which followed seemed not long enough out of the deep freeze for my palate's comfort, as well as seeming to have shrunk somewhat in preparation. We again indulged in Sauvignon Blanc and ended with a modest lemon tea each (eschewing dessert). However, this moderation did not help us: our joint bill set us back the equivalent of \$70 - to my mind, outrageous.

ON ONE OF those sweltering Tel Aviv nights last week, I decided to try out a new Italian eatery on

Below Hayarkon, opposite the Tel Hotel. Called La Trattoria, it is ideally sited in an open courtyard lined with trees and a brick wall in light terra cotta. So far, so good.

With a plate of mixed salads (I wasn't very hungry again) I ordered a dish of spaghetti bolognese, which turned out to be rather mediocre, as was the fruit salad laced with some unnamed liquor. Liquid refreshment consisted of a bottle of quite good Montfort white wine and the ubiquitous lemon tea. The bill came to the equivalent of \$17.50, very high in any currency.

Some friends of mine, dining two tables away, had ordered shrimps (which came without the promised garlic) and fettuccini, which arrived dried out. Another order of spaghetti bolognese had to be returned, because it was cold. I imagine a dish of rewarmed spaghetti! One of the party had veal in a mushroom sauce, which seemed to have nothing much wrong with it. Wine (Montfort) and coffee brought their bill to the equivalent of \$35 a head.

This new place's main claim to fame is that its formal proprietor is Mandy Rice-Davis, now apparently back in business with her last husband but one, Rafi Shauli, who has cut himself into tycoonhood by using her name for a chain of restaurants countrywide.

I RECENTLY went with a friend to the Sipoun fish restaurant, which everyone knows is an offshoot of the Tel Aviv Hilton, but which, owing to kosher problems, operates as a separate entity. The appeal of the place is heightened by the cool breeze and the view of the picturesque sails of the nearby Marina. Romantic lighting and well-designed cutlery add to the atmosphere.

Our meal consisted of mixed seafood marinated in a spicy sauce for starters, followed by sear-pot on a skewer for myself and sea bass in a piquant sauce for my companion. We shared a bottle of wine and ordered dessert in the form of crème caramel.

However, our pleasure in the meal was somewhat dissipated when the bill - the equivalent of \$50 a head - arrived. There is no justification for such exorbitance; unless, perhaps, the owner was charging for the fresh sea air.

Is there a remedy I can recommend? A rebellion of diners-out, or a boycott, perhaps. Of course, there are places that offer decent food at reasonable prices - but that's for another column.

Whines and whooshes



Donna Wood in her solo performance "Cry" choreographed by Alvin Ailey.

DANCE/Dora Sowden

HOW CAN one describe Japan's Sunkai Juku? It is a show like no other. At the Habimah theatre in Tel Aviv on August 1, even the stage set was worth coming a long way to see. Panels like carved screens lined the back. At the sides were "flats" of shining mica and mirror. Neither philosophy nor history had much to do with the stunning input: interpretation was an individual matter.

The single-act *Kinkin Shonen*, comprising seven scenes choreographed and directed by Ushio Amagatsu, was given without intermission. Who would have wanted to break the spell?

A bell tolls. A "boy" (suit and cap indicating his youth) appears behind a large plastic pane. He crashes down (his drop to earth) and enacts life from babyhood (arms and legs in the air), through fears and horrors, till he dims out.

Four magnificent figures slowly move onto a platform, their faces masked with rough material like sculptor's clay. From head to thigh they are bare and white-chalked. Perhaps the whitening and finger detail link them with Japanese tradition, but the rest is new - and it's riveting. From their thighs hang long, floored, floor-length cloths, and the images they create are fascinating, even from my seat, (one of the worst in the house).

At all times the dancers' hands, sometimes clawed, sometimes cupped (as if holding a large egg) are significant.

Moving slowly on to the stage, their backs to the audience, the figures gradually loosen the cloths. As they turn around, their quaint jockstraps are more suggestive than complete nudity, but more ar-

tistently practical. Thereafter, two make love, fight fiercely, kiss and part. One seems to be praying. The fourth remains on the platform.

Another outstanding scene was a solo with a peacock. This looked at first like a stuffed bird, being so still in the dancer's hold, but when he bent down it fluttered and stood on his back. When he let it go it remained onstage, stepping sedately forward - as mascot, emblem or mystery which the imagination could cloak as it wished.

In another scene, a dwarfed figure with a laughing head walking on full-sized feet, turned into a full-sized man and then, in skirted dress, danced impetuously. In the finale, Ushio Amagatsu hung head downward for an incredible time.

The five men so filled the stage that there seemed no need for more. The music contained Western excerpts, including the slow movement theme of Dvorak's "New World" Symphony - but it was so cunningly mixed with gongs, drums and various whines and whooshes that it sounded as unique as the dancing. The lighting was an added enhancement.

ALVIN AILEY and his American Dance Theatre are no strangers to Israel: their performance in Jerusalem's Binyanei HaUma on July 26 was more reunion than introduction. Most works had been seen in Israel before, and yet the excitement that comes with the Ailey distinctiveness was there.

Blues Suite (music: traditional) was a reminder that Ailey knows when to stop and when to go, when to keep the pace ardent and energetic and when to punctuate with pauses. The low-life restless-

ness and rebelliousness were offered with a garish grace, but also with muscular momentum, leaving room to observe the skill of the men in macho violence and the spike-heeled bravado of the women.

Nobody can outdo the Ailey company in jerking shoulders and swivelling hips, but there is more to Ailey art - and it was well illustrated by Tally Beauty's *The Shake-Up* (music: miscellaneous).

This panorama of jazz spirit was like some Damon Runyan narrative and could fit into a sassy Broadway musical. The heat was pure bravura. It shouted, bounced, gyrated, blazed but - with all credit to Beauty - it didn't have the Ailey vocabulary.

This work was preceded and followed by Ailey masterpieces. *Cry* (music: Coltrane, Nyru, Voices of East Harlem) was danced by the incomparable Donna Wood, expressing the agonies of despair but showing dignity, even when anguish turned to defiant boldness. In *Revelation* (music: spirituals) there was a subtle playing of rhythmic dance phrases against the pulse of song - brilliant dancing, brilliant choreography.

ROBERT GLADSTEIN'S *Palms* (music: Leonard Bernstein's *Chichester Psalms*) was a fitting inclusion in the San Francisco Ballet programme held in Jerusalem on July 30. With the Rinal Choir (directed by Stanley Sperber) singing in Hebrew and the orchestra (conducted by Denis de Coteau), the effect was stirring. The Jewish references were symbolic of the broad sweep of our religious and national life.

There were fleeting moments of traditional detail: the blowing of a shofar, the breaking of a glass, the lighting of candles, but these were only taken indications of ritual in the drama of flowing movement. It was not a ghetto ballet.

Costumes (by Sandra Woodell) were both military and rural in colour and style. The shepherds' staffs acted as weapons as well as supports, at one point forming a protective border. The way the choreographer marshalled the 18 dancers in mass was imaginative and the balletic design projected surrogates and strength, struggle and exultation. Yet two things bothered me: this was not a suitable subject for point dance, and the blackout breaks, however brief, caused a drop in tension.

BALLET IS "big business" today - and no one knows this better than Richard E. LeBlond, president of the San Francisco Ballet Association. He is the wizard who has brought prosperity and security to the company in the nine years he has been its chief executive officer. When offered the task of "revamping the administration," the then president of the Pennsylvania Ballet did some "soul searching," but accepted the challenge.

"Nobody gives money until there is an organization," he said. "I understand that. The San Francisco Ballet had the enormous advantage of an artistic direction already in place."

LeBlond developed the "marketing" side which involved compiling a good mailing list and developing "community relations." "We have minority groups - Chinese, Japanese, Blacks and Hispanics," he says. "We have to relate to everybody. It affects funds and audiences."

Today the company is "in the black," although annual costs have risen from \$2 million to \$7 million. □

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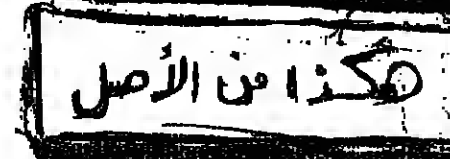
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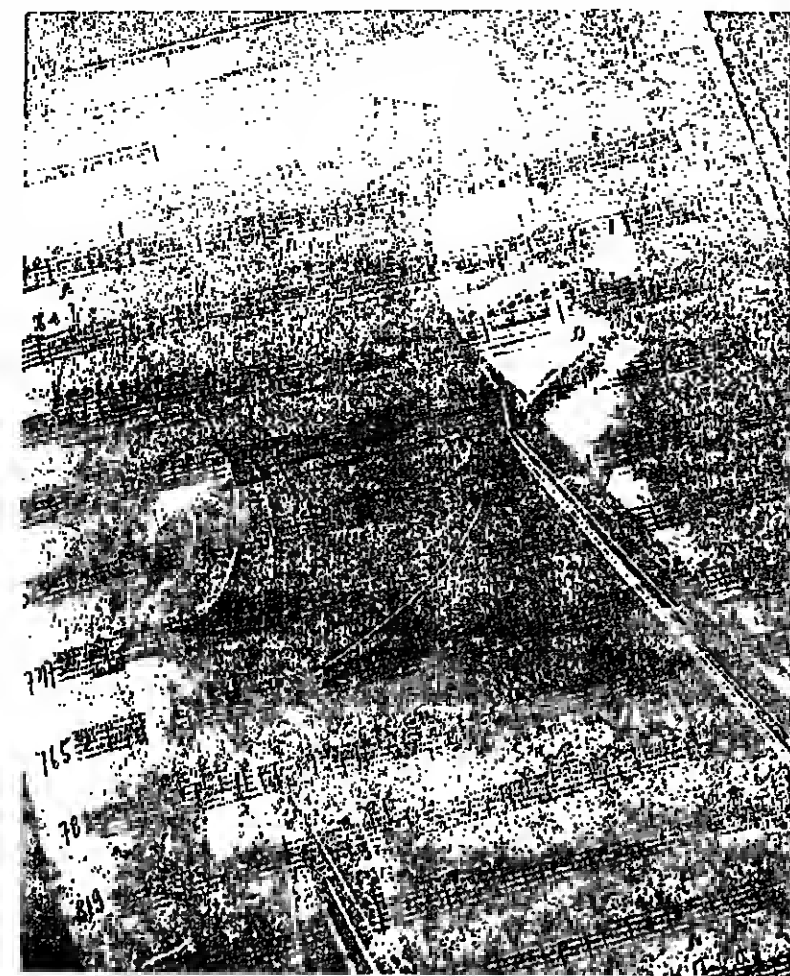
A COMPOSER'S success is usually measured by the number of performances of his works. With contemporary composers, an additional criterion is the number of prizes and awards he has collected in the course of his life. In the case of Yacov Gilboa, the above does not apply. He has received a series of distinguished prizes and awards, but is fairly rarely performed. I am sure Israeli audiences do not know much, if anything, about him, especially as he is a very modest person. In this, my eighth column in the series, *Composers' Profiles*, I introduce him to our readers in connection with the fact that he has won the Premier's Award for Composition, formerly only given to writers. He is the first Israeli composer to be singled out for this honour.

YACOV GILBOA was born in Klnice, Czechoslovakia, in 1920, educated in Vienna, and came to Eretz-Israel at the age of eighteen as a war of youth Aliya. After spending a year in a kibbutz, he studied architecture at the Haifa Technion for a year and a half, but finally decided to devote his life to music. To make a minimal living he joined the Settlement Police. During his four years of service he devoted his free time to his studies — he had taken lessons with Josef Tal (1944-45) but apparently did not make much progress as five years were given to the Palmah, including the War of Independence. He had always studied on his own — for a time, Schoenberg's *Haehe* was his most important tutor — and later went to the Music Teachers' Seminar in Tel Aviv to systematize his knowledge. In 1954 and 1957 he studied composition with Paul Ben-Haim — "on and off", as he describes, for he had moved to Tel Aviv where he had a small job at the Municipality which just sufficed.

He is in good company as most of the outstanding composers of the Russian school — Borodin, Cui, Mussorgsky — made their living in professions not connected with music.

Of course Gilboa's first compositions were strongly influenced by the then influential Mediterranean Style — which aimed at a synthesis of Near East motifs with European forms, instruments and traditions. They included (according to Gilboa's own account) many post-Romantic elements. At the close of the Fifties, he was intrigued by the subtle (and less than subtle) change in musical thinking, and in 1963 attended a course in Cologne on New Music, which was given by Karl Heinz Stockhausen and Henri Pousseur. He found the "new kind of music" not to his taste, but it did open a new world of sound for him. He confronted the music of Anton Webern, György Ligeti, Krzysztof Penderecki; got better acquainted with Prokofiev, Shostakovich and Britten; experimented with the 12-tone scale and serial music. He was always searching for new things, and their personal application.

TODAY, he does not adhere to any system or school, works only under self-imposed restrictions, and follows the law of his own ears. He thinks there are still things to be said in traditional forms. He defends tonality, for he maintains it is a law of nature, although he accepts (not for himself but in general) the addition of electronic devices to provide added colour. He goes his own unpretentious way, attends only to his musical conscience, though this, apparently, is not a



Unpretentious

MUSIC & MUSICIANS/Yohanan Boehm

short-cut to success and recognition. However, he has been accepted as one of the few Israeli composers who contribute something to Israeli music.

ACUM, the Societe D'Auteurs, Compositeurs et Editeurs de Musique en Israel, awarded him its composers' prize three times — in 1964, 1977 and again in 1979; he won the "Engel" Prize of the Tel Aviv Municipality twice, in 1974 and in 1979.

He represented Israel three times at the International Society for Contemporary Music — in 1969 in Hamburg, in 1973 in Reykjavik, and in 1978 in Helsinki. At the Third International Piano Master Competition which took place in Tel Aviv in 1980, his *Reflections on Three Chords by Alban Berg* was chosen as the obligatory piece to be played by all contestants. And now, this year, the Premier's Prize capped this impressive public recognition.

WITH the *Chagall Windows* (1966) — Lukas Foss first performed it with the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra the following year — Gilboa's music began to attract attention. This work was followed by many others, including *From the Dead Sea Scrolls*, first performed by the Norddeutsche Rundfunk in Hamburg in 1972. The Israel Philharmonic Orchestra under Zubin Mehta played his *Celtic* in 1973; Yehudi Menuhin commissioned him to write *Kalvos nysanverin*, which he first performed with the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra in 1979. Two years earlier, Ralph Shapey, with the Chicago Chamber Players, performed his *Beth Alpha Mosaic*; and a chamber ensemble, performed *Three Incantations for Peter Brengel* in 1980 at the Tel Aviv Museum. The latest premiere was in 1982 when Gary

Bertini conducted the Jerusalem Symphony in *Seven Ornaments on a Theme by Paul Ben-Haim* — it was a present for the composer's 85th birthday! Piano music, a cello sonata, songs, various chamber music compositions testify to the composer's varied interest. He exhibits, in his music an affinity with writers and painters. Four of the titles of his works evidence also his sympathy for the Bible.

Gilboa himself describes his musical expression today as "quite free in style, leading, however, to a certain line of neo-impressionistic lyricism, together with new aspects of tonality."

THE STAGE of Rehovot's Wix Auditorium will be enlarged to provide space for a larger theatre, an orchestra and even dance performances, as the result of a generous donation from Ms. Eitel Wix of London.

Due to this building project, there will be only four concerts this year during the months of October to December. A subscription is offered for IS2,200. Sales have already started, and will continue until October 24 (at the Wix and at Lotus). The Israel Sinfonietta under Yoav Talmi, with Hung-Kuan Chen (second prize-winner of the last Rubinstein Competition) as soloist (Rossini, Mozart, Pärtos, Haydn), will perform in the opening concert on October 27. In November, the Philharmonic Wind Ensemble, directed by Mordchai Rechman, will present works by Dvorak, Hummel and Gounod. Two programmes are scheduled for December: the Yuval Trio on December 5, with trios by Haydn, Brahms and Schubert; and the Israel Sinfonietta under Mendi Rindin, with Homero Francesch, a pianist from Uruguay, as soloist, on December 28.

Overworked dwarfs

CINEMA/Dan Fainaru

MAURICE PALAT is a stubborn, opinionated and very individualistic French filmmaker, and those traits have made it very difficult for him to ply his trade. For many years, he refused to use well-known actors, believing that their image would get in the way and impose itself on the characters they play, distorting the original intention of the script.

Without actors of any renown he made two amazing films, *Enfance nue* (Naked Childhood), about a 10-year-old orphan boy, who is sent by social workers from one foster home to another, but doesn't manage to integrate into any of them, and *La gueule ouverte* (The Screaming Mouth), a devastatingly lucid portrayal of family life, taken up from the point where the wife discovers she has cancer, until her death.

These two films are probably the purest examples of the Palat style, not only because they have no stars, but also because the director refuses to accept the normal system of narration, and does not even try to define the characters or mould them according to usual dramatic procedure.

Searching for something as close to the truth as possible, Palat's approach to film making demands that he does not create a story as such, but rather accompanies his characters through an already existing plot, begun before the film started and ending somewhere in the future. He shrinks from any psychological analysis or any attempt at a social or political message, limiting himself to close observation of those he has chosen to follow, in order to capture as many of their traits as he can — but strictly from the point of view of the outsider.

Palat is no father-figure, knowing more about his characters than they know about themselves. In the future, he shrinks from any psychological analysis or any attempt at a social or political message, limiting himself to close observation of those he has chosen to follow, in order to capture as many of their traits as he can — but strictly from the point of view of the outsider.

IN SPITE of some concessions, Palat's best film *Loulou*, is still very much in this spirit, and consequently will present the kind of challenge to audience is not always glad to accept. Cinema, as entertainment, is supposed to be clear, precise, easy to swallow and even easier to digest. Palat's films are anything but that.

Loulou is the story of a young, virile Paris layabout, part-time thief and unconsciously an anarchist, who lives according to whim and his own moral codes, the only rules he knows or accepts. To him the past is irrelevant and the future does not exist, only the here and now. He is, however, a pretty decent and appealing sort of fellow.

In the film's first sequence, Palat shows Nelly, a slim, small and attractive redhead, being menaced by her jealous husband, Andre, and dancing with Loulou in a nightclub, just to spite her spouse. What follows is a torrid love story between Loulou and Nelly. She discovers she prefers this unconventional, totally unpredictable and uncommitted stud to her husband, who, however much he would like to conceal his identity behind leather jackets and way-out behaviour, is underneath it all, a rather conventional, middle-class individual.

NOTHING REALLY happens in this picture to justify the term "plot." Given the basic situation

there are only a series of incidents through which the relationship between the three leading characters develops. Some incidents are imbued with earthy humour (the copulating lovers collapsing with their bed); satire (Andre picking up a saxophone to pour out his grief) and even black pessimism (the explosion of violence in an idyllic family encounter).

The ending shows that, much as Nelly would like to identify with Loulou's style of life, his indifference to the future and his refusal to concern himself with irrelevancies such as holding down a steady job, she is still a product of her own society, and cannot make more than half the traumatic transition to the other side. She may be attracted by its exotic appearance, but she can't help being what she is: middle-class, bourgeois, a worrier at heart.

The main concession Palat has made in putting together the film is the use of two very well known French stars, Gerard Depardieu and Isabelle Huppert in the leads. To both his and their credits, they play down their star image and do their best to "act" as little as possible, instead behaving as naturally as possible. The result is quite faithful to Palat's expectations and, as such, an interesting example of a very personal French kind of filmmaking. It may not be to everyone's taste, but then, what is?

THE MONTY Python gang has been hurrying at the seams with so many ideas that they recently decided to split up from time to time, with each member developing his own projects. They thus hope to widen the scope of their activities, providing an outlet for ventures which may not interest the group as a whole.

Time Bandits, directed by Terry Gilliam, is one of these projects. Gilliam, the only American in the team, started out as being responsible for the animated sections of their programmes, and later became a full-fledged member of the zany group.

But he is most definitely not the only one who does any fooling about. Michael Palin has contributed to the script and plays a small role (an impotent squire) and John Cleese does a grotesque parody of Robin Hood beating up the poor — so Gilliam is far from neglected. Also, thanks to the reputation of the gang and the influence of a producer such as executive George Harrison, an impressive army of stars, including Sean Connery, Sir Ralph Richardson, David Warner, Ian Holm, Shelley Duvall and Katharine Helmond, have accepted small guest parts, just to join in the fun.

And the fun, as expected, is very much in the *Monty Python* spirit, a romp through history, from the near future back to the beginning of the world. The protagonists are seven dwarfs (just like in *Snow White*), or more accurately six dwarfs and a small, over-imaginative boy, whose discontent with his own times makes him take a stroll through the paths of imagination.

Employed by the Supreme Being, the dwarfs are dissatisfied with their conditions. Working hours are long and pay short, even more so considering the tremendous appetite

for riches of any kind. So, to compensate for the low salaries, they deal a secret map in the process, their leader gets killed — that's why there are only six of them, which indicates secret passages leading from one period in history to another, left open by a tired Supreme Being after his febrile six days' toil to create the universe.

With the help of this map, the dwarfs can easily wonder through time, stealing a fortune in our century and escaping into the Middle Ages. This is how they pick up 11-year-old Kevin, into whose room they flee to escape from the Supreme Being, who wants to catch them and take away the map.

AS MAY BE imagined, this framework allows for a series of historical sketches, each featuring the typical *Monty Python* irreverence towards anything sacred.

Those receptive to this particular brand of craziness will probably derive immense amusement from Ian Holm's parody of Napoleon Bonaparte, who only likes people shorter than himself, reminds one and all that Alexander the Great barely topped five feet and terrorizes his tall generals into mute obedience; from John Cleese as Robin Hood, surrounded by his band of merry robbers, some of the more disgusting specimens of mankind and from David Warner's villainous Satan.

Visual imagination is given free reign, particularly when the time explorers land in the ship of a rheumatic Ogre (Peter Vaughan) and his deliciously loving wife (Katharine Helmond, of *Soap* fame). To top it all, Sir Ralph Richardson plays the Supreme Being as a weary, much-hoarded, and slightly rumpled gentleman, who has to intervene and put things right for these irresponsible creatures he has created.

Still, one wonders why the local distributor decided that Gilliam doesn't know his trade well enough, and has applied an additional pair of scissors to the film, eliminating, among other things, a substantial part of the sketch presenting Sean Connery as King Agamemnon. Maybe he thinks Israeli audiences aren't up to such historical references — but, in that case, he might have done better not to distribute the film at all.

WHILE ON THIS topic, I have received a number of letters complaining of films that are chopped about or truncated and prints in miserable condition. These complaints are all justified. The distributors, contacted on the subject, reacted coolly. Of course, they say, no one can do anything after the film has been running for some time (which means even a few weeks) in Israel, because most local cinema projection systems are bad, and operated by indifferent projectionists. This is how prints get scratched and otherwise damaged, they claim.

As far as cutting sequences out of films, the argument is that the Israeli public rejects certain things, which is why they have to be deleted in advance. Finally, it is generally agreed that, once a film is put into second release, it can't be anything but damaged, unless the ads specifically state that a new print is in distribution.

So, if you really want to enjoy your movies, try seeing them as close to their opening dates as possible. If the film is an old one, check if a new print is being shown.

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Archaeology Gallery: Monday, August 8 at 16.30

SPECIAL OPENING HOUR
Summer exhibitions — From "Pong" to Home Computer (closed on Saturday) — George Segal — Photographs of Manuel Alvarez Bravo — will be open Sun., Mon., Wed. & Thurs. 10.00-22.00

RUTH YOUTH WING
For more information about Youth Wing activities, please call 021 833278. Recycling project open daily except Saturday from 10.00 to 14.00

Summer programme sponsored by ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK LTD.
Please note our new phone number — 021 888211

Become a local Patron ("Shohar") of the Israel Museum. For details please contact 021 881981.
Student membership available.

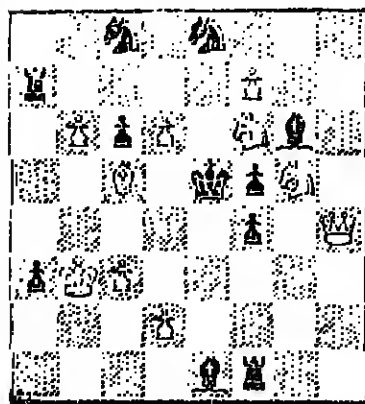
Please note our expanded opening hours
VISITING HOURS: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00 to 17.00; Tues. 10.00 to 22.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00 to 14.00
SHRINE OF THE BOOK: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00 to 17.00; Tues. 10.00 to 22.00; Fri. 10.00 to 18.00; Sat. 10.00 to 14.00
BILLY ROBE SCULPTURE GARDEN: Sun.—Thurs. 10.00 to sunset; Fri., Sat. & holidays 10.00 to 14.00
ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM: Sun.—Thurs. 10.00 to 17.00; Fri. & Sat. 10.00 to 14.00
LIBRARY: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00 to 17.00; Tues. 10.00 to 20.00
GRAPHICS STUDY ROOM: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11.00 to 13.00; Tues. 16.00 to 20.00
TICKETS FOR SATURDAY: Available in advance at the Museum and at the ticket agencies: Tel Aviv—Rococo, Etzion, Le'an and Casriel; Jerusalem—Kle'im.

מקדא מן האל

CHESS

Elihu Shabat

Problem No. 3132
L. LUSHINSKY, USSR
1st prize, "Gazeta-SO" 1981



White mates in three (10-11)

SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3130 (10-11). 1.f6 Rb2 2.Kc3! (2.Kd1 Ra3, and wins; 2.Kd3 Ra3! 3.Rc8 ah3 4.Kd4 Rd2 followed by 5. — Re2, and wins; 2.Kf3 Rb3 followed by 6. — Re3, and wins) 2. — Rb3 (2. — Ra3 3.Rc8 Rb3 4.Kd2, or 3. — ah3 4.Kf4, and Black cannot win) 3.Kd4! (3.Kc4 Rb1; 3.Kd2 Rb2 followed by 4. — Ra3; 3.Kf4 Ra4, wins

as above) 3. — Ra3! 4.gh2! 4.Rc8! Rd3 and 5. — Re2 4. — Rb3 5.Rc8 Kf7 6.Rc3! Kf8 7.Rc8 h1? RRe1, positional draw

TEL AVIV OPEN

THE TEL AVIV Open Junior Championship will be held August 13 to 27 at the Tel Aviv Fairgrounds. The tournament, under the Swiss system, will be seven rounds. Participants are required to bring chess sets and clocks.

TEL AVIV UNIVERSITY will hold the ASA championship from August 5-13. Only participants with an international rating will be admitted to the 9-round, Swiss-system tournament.

EUROPEAN CUP

Beersheba will meet Budapest M.T.K. in the first round of the European Cup. The games are held under the knock-out system, and Beersheba will have to be very lucky to overcome the strong Hungarian team.

BEST PLAYERS

THE FOLLOWING players distinguished themselves in the 1983 league games: First board — Vladimir Liberson, Rishon LeZion, 5½-7; Alon Grinfeld, Beersheba, 5-7. Second board — Yair Kraidman,

Tel Aviv ASA, 6½-7; Leon Federman, Beersheba, 6-9. Third board — Michael Pasmann, Beersheba, 6-8; Boris Gurkin, Rishon LeZion, 5-9. Fourth board — Dan Levan, Technion ASA, 6-6; Yedael Stepan, Tel Aviv ASA, 5-7. Fifth board — Michael Garanski, Technion ASA, 5-6; Eliahu Shvidler, Beersheba, and Haim Dror, Jerusalem ASA, 6½-9. Sixth board — Eliahu Carmel, Tel Aviv ASA, 5½-8; Ofer Bruk, Tel Aviv Youth Centre II, 6-9. Reserve players — Arie Lev, Tel Aviv ASA, 5-6; Zelig Chesikov, Rishon LeZion, 4-5.

IVKOV TRIUMPH

YUGOSLAV GM Borislav Ivkov breezed to an easy first place in a small Category 4 tournament in Torino, Italy in May. Ivkov, the only GM in the event, played solidly, dispatching IMs Tith and Franco in smooth positional style. Noteworthy was the result of untitled Italian master Arlandi, who tied for second with Tith and Franco. He was only a point shy of an IM norm.

BELLIN

1.44-0 2.44-3 3.33-6 4.33-2 5.33-2 6.33-2 7.0-0 8.0-0 9.0-0 10.0-0 11.0-0 12.0-0 13.0-0 14.0-0 15.0-0 16.0-0 17.0-0 18.0-0 19.0-0 20.0-0 21.0-0 22.0-0 23.0-0 24.0-0 25.0-0 26.0-0 27.0-0 28.0-0 29.0-0 30.0-0 31.0-0 32.0-0 33.0-0 34.0-0 35.0-0 36.0-0 37.0-0 38.0-0 39.0-0 40.0-0 41.0-0 42.0-0 43.0-0 44.0-0 45.0-0 46.0-0 47.0-0 48.0-0 49.0-0 50.0-0 51.0-0 52.0-0 53.0-0 54.0-0 55.0-0 56.0-0 57.0-0 58.0-0 59.0-0 60.0-0 61.0-0 62.0-0 63.0-0 64.0-0 65.0-0 66.0-0 67.0-0 68.0-0 69.0-0 70.0-0 71.0-0 72.0-0 73.0-0 74.0-0 75.0-0 76.0-0 77.0-0 78.0-0 79.0-0 80.0-0 81.0-0 82.0-0 83.0-0 84.0-0 85.0-0 86.0-0 87.0-0 88.0-0 89.0-0 90.0-0 91.0-0 92.0-0 93.0-0 94.0-0 95.0-0 96.0-0 97.0-0 98.0-0 99.0-0 100.0-0 101.0-0 102.0-0 103.0-0 104.0-0 105.0-0 106.0-0 107.0-0 108.0-0 109.0-0 110.0-0 111.0-0 112.0-0 113.0-0 114.0-0 115.0-0 116.0-0 117.0-0 118.0-0 119.0-0 120.0-0 121.0-0 122.0-0 123.0-0 124.0-0 125.0-0 126.0-0 127.0-0 128.0-0 129.0-0 130.0-0 131.0-0 132.0-0 133.0-0 134.0-0 135.0-0 136.0-0 137.0-0 138.0-0 139.0-0 140.0-0 141.0-0 142.0-0 143.0-0 144.0-0 145.0-0 146.0-0 147.0-0 148.0-0 149.0-0 150.0-0 151.0-0 152.0-0 153.0-0 154.0-0 155.0-0 156.0-0 157.0-0 158.0-0 159.0-0 160.0-0 161.0-0 162.0-0 163.0-0 164.0-0 165.0-0 166.0-0 167.0-0 168.0-0 169.0-0 170.0-0 171.0-0 172.0-0 173.0-0 174.0-0 175.0-0 176.0-0 177.0-0 178.0-0 179.0-0 180.0-0 181.0-0 182.0-0 183.0-0 184.0-0 185.0-0 186.0-0 187.0-0 188.0-0 189.0-0 190.0-0 191.0-0 192.0-0 193.0-0 194.0-0 195.0-0 196.0-0 197.0-0 198.0-0 199.0-0 200.0-0 201.0-0 202.0-0 203.0-0 204.0-0 205.0-0 206.0-0 207.0-0 208.0-0 209.0-0 210.0-0 211.0-0 212.0-0 213.0-0 214.0-0 215.0-0 216.0-0 217.0-0 218.0-0 219.0-0 220.0-0 221.0-0 222.0-0 223.0-0 224.0-0 225.0-0 226.0-0 227.0-0 228.0-0 229.0-0 230.0-0 231.0-0 232.0-0 233.0-0 234.0-0 235.0-0 236.0-0 237.0-0 238.0-0 239.0-0 240.0-0 241.0-0 242.0-0 243.0-0 244.0-0 245.0-0 246.0-0 247.0-0 248.0-0 249.0-0 250.0-0 251.0-0 252.0-0 253.0-0 254.0-0 255.0-0 256.0-0 257.0-0 258.0-0 259.0-0 260.0-0 261.0-0 262.0-0 263.0-0 264.0-0 265.0-0 266.0-0 267.0-0 268.0-0 269.0-0 270.0-0 271.0-0 272.0-0 273.0-0 274.0-0 275.0-0 276.0-0 277.0-0 278.0-0 279.0-0 280.0-0 281.0-0 282.0-0 283.0-0 284.0-0 285.0-0 286.0-0 287.0-0 288.0-0 289.0-0 290.0-0 291.0-0 292.0-0 293.0-0 294.0-0 295.0-0 296.0-0 297.0-0 298.0-0 299.0-0 300.0-0 301.0-0 302.0-0 303.0-0 304.0-0 305.0-0 306.0-0 307.0-0 308.0-0 309.0-0 310.0-0 311.0-0 312.0-0 313.0-0 314.0-0 315.0-0 316.0-0 317.0-0 318.0-0 319.0-0 320.0-0 321.0-0 322.0-0 323.0-0 324.0-0 325.0-0 326.0-0 327.0-0 328.0-0 329.0-0 330.0-0 331.0-0 332.0-0 333.0-0 334.0-0 335.0-0 336.0-0 337.0-0 338.0-0 339.0-0 340.0-0 341.0-0 342.0-0 343.0-0 344.0-0 345.0-0 346.0-0 347.0-0 348.0-0 349.0-0 350.0-0 351.0-0 352.0-0 353.0-0 354.0-0 355.0-0 356.0-0 357.0-0 358.0-0 359.0-0 360.0-0 361.0-0 362.0-0 363.0-0 364.0-0 365.0-0 366.0-0 367.0-0 368.0-0 369.0-0 370.0-0 371.0-0 372.0-0 373.0-0 374.0-0 375.0-0 376.0-0 377.0-0 378.0-0 379.0-0 380.0-0 381.0-0 382.0-0 383.0-0 384.0-0 385.0-0 386.0-0 387.0-0 388.0-0 389.0-0 390.0-0 391.0-0 392.0-0 393.0-0 394.0-0 395.0-0 396.0-0 397.0-0 398.0-0 399.0-0 400.0-0 401.0-0 402.0-0 403.0-0 404.0-0 405.0-0 406.0-0 407.0-0 408.0-0 409.0-0 410.0-0 411.0-0 412.0-0 413.0-0 414.0-0 415.0-0 416.0-0 417.0-0 418.0-0 419.0-0 420.0-0 421.0-0 422.0-0 423.0-0 424.0-0 425.0-0 426.0-0 427.0-0 428.0-0 429.0-0 430.0-0 431.0-0 432.0-0 433.0-0 434.0-0 435.0-0 436.0-0 437.0-0 438.0-0 439.0-0 440.0-0 441.0-0 442.0-0 443.0-0 444.0-0 445.0-0 446.0-0 447.0-0 448.0-0 449.0-0 450.0-0 451.0-0 452.0-0 453.0-0 454.0-0 455.0-0 456.0-0 457.0-0 458.0-0 459.0-0 460.0-0 461.0-0 462.0-0 463.0-0 464.0-0 465.0-0 466.0-0 467.0-0 468.0-0 469.0-0 470.0-0 471.0-0 472.0-0 473.0-0 474.0-0 475.0-0 476.0-0 477.0-0 478.0-0 479.0-0 480.0-0 481.0-0 482.0-0 483.0-0 484.0-0 485.0-0 486.0-0 487.0-0 488.0-0 489.0-0 490.0-0 491.0-0 492.0-0 493.0-0 494.0-0 495.0-0 496.0-0 497.0-0 498.0-0 499.0-0 500.0-0 501.0-0 502.0-0 503.0-0 504.0-0 505.0-0 506.0-0 507.0-0 508.0-0 509.0-0 510.0-0 511.0-0 512.0-0 513.0-0 514.0-0 515.0-0 516.0-0 517.0-0 518.0-0 519.0-0 520.0-0 521.0-0 522.0-0 523.0-0 524.0-0 525.0-0 526.0-0 527.0-0 528.0-0 529.0-0 530.0-0 531.0-0 532.0-0 533.0-0 534.0-0 535.0-0 536.0-0 537.0-0 538.0-0 539.0-0 540.0-0 541.0-0 542.0-0 543.0-0 544.0-0 545.0-0 546.0-0 547.0-0 548.0-0 549.0-0 550.0-0 551.0-0 552.0-0 553.0-0 554.0-0 555.0-0 556.0-0 557.0-0 558.0-0 559.0-0 560.0-0 561.0-0 562.0-0 563.0-0 564.0-0 565.0-0 566.0-0 567.0-0 568.0-0 569.0-0 570.0-0 571.0-0 572.0-0 573.0-0 574.0-0 575.0-0 576.0-0 577.0-0 578.0-0 579.0-0 580.0-0 581.0-0 582.0-0 583.0-0 584.0-0 585.0-0 586.0-0 587.0-0 588.0-0 589.0-0 590.0-0 591.0-0 592.0-0 593.0-0 594.0-0 595.0-0 596.0-0 597.0-0 598.0-0 599.0-0 600.0-0 601.0-0 602.0-0 603.0-0 604.0-0 605.0-0 606.0-0 607.0-0 608.0-0 609.0-0 610.0-0 611.0-0 612.0-0 613.0-0 614.0-0 615.0-0 616.0-0 617.0-0 618.0-0 619.0-0 620.0-0 621.0-0 622.0-0 623.0-0 624.0-0 625.0-0 626.0-0 627.0-0 628.0-0 629.0-0 630.0-0 631.0-0 632.0-0 633.0-0 634.0-0 635.0-0 636.0-0 637.0-0 638.0-0 639.0-0 640.0-0 641.0-0 642.0-0 643.0-0 644.0-0 645.0-0 646.0-0 647.0-0 648.0-0 649.0-0 650.0-0 651.0-0 652.0-0 653.0-0 654.0-0 655.0-0 656.0-0 657.0-0 658.0-0 659.0-0 660.0-0 661.0-0 662.0-0 663.0-0 664.0-0 665.0-0 666.0-0 667.0-0 668.0-0 669.0-0 670.0-0 671.0-0 672.0-0 673.0-0 674.0-0 675.0-0 676.0-0 677.0-0 678.0-0 679.0-0 680.0-0 681.0-0 682.0-0 683.0-0 684.0-0 685.0-0 686.0-0 687.0-0 688.0-0 689.0-0 690.0-0 691.0-0 692.0-0 693.0-0 694.0-0 695.0-0 696.0-0 697.0-0 698.0-0 699.0-0 700.0-0 701.0-0 702.0-0 703.0-0 704.0-0 705.0-0 706.0-0 707.0-0 708.0-0 709.0-0 710.0-0 711.0-0 712.0-0 713.0-0 714.0-0 715.0-0 716.0-0 717.0-0 718.0-0 719.0-0 720.0-0 721.0-0 722.0-0 723.0-0 724.0-0 725.0-0 726.0-0 727.0-0 728.0-0 729.0-0 730.0-0 731.0-0 732.0-0 733.0-0 734.0-0 735.0-0 736.0-0 737.0-0 738.0-0 739.0-0 740.0-0 741.0-0 742.0-0 743.0-0 744.0-0 745.0-0 746.0-0 747.0-0 748.0-0 749.0-0 750.0-0 751.0-0 752.0-0 753.0-0 754.0-0 755.0-0 756.0-0 757.0-0 758.0-0 759.0-0 760.0-0 761.0-0 762.0-0 763.0-0 764.0-0 765.0-0 766.0-0 767.0-0 768.0-0 769.0-0 770.0-0 771.0-0 772.0-0 773.0-0 774.0-0 775.0-0 776.0-0 777.0-0 778.0-0 779.0-0 780.0-0 781.0-0 782.0-0 783.0-0 784.0-0 785.0-0 786.0-0 787.0-0 788.0-0 789.0-0 790.0-0 791.0-0 792.0-0 793.0-0 794.0-0 795.0-0 796.0-0 797.0-0 798.0-0 799.0-0 800.0-0 801.0-0 802.0-0 803.0-0 804.0-0 805.0-0 806.0-0 807.0-0 808.0-0 809.0-0 810.0-0 811.0-0 812.0-0 813.0-0 814.0-0 815.0-0 816.0-0 817.0-0 818.0-0 819.0-0 820.0-0 821.0-0 822.0-0 823.0-0 824.0-0 825.0-0 826.0-0 827.0-0 828.0-0 829.0-0 830.0-0 831.0-0 832.0-0 833.0-0 834.0-0 835.0-0 836.0-0 837.0-0 838.0-0 839.0-0 840.0-0 841.0-0 842.0-0 843.0-0 844.0-0 845.0-0 846.0-0 847.0-0 848.0-0 849.0-0 850.0-0 851.0-0 852.0-0 853.0-0 854.0-0 855.0-0 856.0-0 857.0-0 858.0-0 859.0-0 860.0-0 861.0-0 862.0-0 863.0-0 864.0-0 865.0-0 866.0-0 867.0-0 868.0-0 869.0-0 870.0-0 871.0-0 872.0-0 873.0-0 874.0-0 875.0-0 876.0-0 877.0-0 878.0-0 879.0-0 880.0-0 881.0-0 882.0-0 883.0-0 884.0-0 885.0-0 886.0-0 887.0-0 888.0-0 889.0-0 890.0-0 891.0-0 892.0-0 893.0-0 894.0-0 895.0-0 896.0-0 897.0-0 898.0-0 899.0-0 900.0-0 901.0-0 902.0-0 903.0-0 904.0-0 905.0-0 906.0-0 907.0-0 908.0-0 909.0-0 910.0-0 911.0-0 912.0-0 913.0-0 914.0-0 915.0-0 916.0-0 917.0-0 918.0-0 919.0-0 920.0-0 921.0-0 922.0-0 923.0-0 924.0-0 925.0-0 926.0-0 927.0-0 928.0-0 929.0-0 930.0-0 931.0-0 932.0-0 933.0-0 934.0-0 935.0-0 936.0-0 937.0-0 938.0-0 939.0-0 940.0-0 941.0-0 942.0-0 943.0-0 944.0-0 945.0-0 946.0-0 947.0-0 948.0-0 949.0-0 950.0-0 951.0-0 952.0-0 953.0-0 954.0-0 955.0-0 956.0-0 957.0-0 958.0-0 959.0-0 960.0-0 961.0-0 962.0-0 963.0-0 964.0-0 965.0-0 966.0-0 967.0-0 968.0-0 969.0-0 970.0-0 971.0-0 972.0-0 973.0-0 974.0-0 975.0-0 976.0-0 977.0-0 978.0-0 979.0-0 980.0-0 981.0-0 982.0-0 983.0-0 984.0-0 985.0-0 986.0-0 987.0-0 988.0-0 989.0-0 990.0-0 991.0-0 992.0-0 993.0-0 994.0-0 995.0-0 996.0-0 997.0-0 998.0-0 999.0-0 1000.0-0 1001.0-0 1002.0-0 1003.0-0 1004.0-0 1005.0-0 1006.0-0 1007.0-0 1008.0-0 1009.0-0 1010.0-0 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1122.0-0 1123.0-0 1124.0-0 1125.0-0 1126.0-0 1127.0-0 1128.0-0 1129.0-0 1130.0-0 1131.0-0 1132.0-0 1133.0-0 1134.0-0 1135.0-0 1136.0-0 1137.0-0 1138.0-0 1139.0-0 1140.0-0 1141.0-0 1142.0-0 1143.0-0 1144.0-0 1145.0-0 1146.0-0 1147.0-0 1148.0-0 1149.0-0 1150.0-0 1151.0-0 1152.0-0 1153.0-0 1154.0-0 1155.0-0 1156.0-0 1157.0-0 1158.0-0 1159.0-0 1160.0-0 1161.0-0 1162.0-0 1163.0-0 1164.0-0 1165.0-0 1166.0-0 1167.0-0 1168.0-0 1169.0-0 1170.0-0 1171.0-0 1172.0-0 1173.0-0 1174.0-0 1175.0-0 1176.0-0 1177.0-0 1178.0-0 1179.0-0 1180.0-0 1181.0-0 1182.0-0 1183.0-0 1184.0-0 1185.0-0 1186.0-0 1187.0-0 1188.0-0 1189.0-0 1190.0-0 1191.0-0 1192.0-0 1193.0-0 1194.0-0 1195.0-0 1196.0-0 1197.0-0 1198.0-0 1199.0-0 1200.0-0 1201.0-0 1202.0-0 1203.0-0 1204.0-0 1205.0-0 1206.0-0 1207.0-0 1208.0-0 1209.0-0 1210.0-0 1211.0-0 1212.0-0 1213.0-0 1214.0-0 1215.0-0 1216.0-0 1217.0-0 1218.0-0 1219.0-0 1220.0-0 1221.0-0 1222.0-0 1223.0-0 1224.0-0 1225.0-0 1226.0-0 1227.0-0 1228.0-0 1229.0-0 1230.0-0 1231.0-0 1232.0-0 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This Week in Israel - The Land TEL AVIV MUSEUMS

Beth Hatefutsoth

The Nahum Goldmann Museum of the Jewish Diaspora

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- Danelig 1939: Treasures of a Destroyed Community.

Events
- "Janusz Korczak - The Man and His Work": A study evening in Yiddish (in cooperation with the World Council for Yiddish and Jewish Culture). Participants: Dr. I. Ch. Blatky, Hadassah Kaslin. Chairman: Mordchai Tsolin. Wednesday, August 10, 1983 at 8 pm.

Jewish Cinematheque

Serene of the film "Three Daughters". The story of three daughters of a Jewish family and the complicated relationship between them. With the participation of Michael Rosenberg. The film is in Yiddish with Hebrew and French subtitles.

Sunday, August 7 at 5 pm.
Monday, August 8 at 8:30 pm.

Serene of the film "Jacob the Liar". An unusual and interesting film which describes life in a ghetto in Poland towards the end of the Second World War. The film is in German with English subtitles.

Tuesday, August 9 at 5 pm.
Thursday, August 11 at 8:30 pm.
Admission fee: IS 120; IS 90 for members of Friends Association. Courtesy of Bank Leumi Le-Israel.

Youth Wing Summer Activities
- Special summer programs for youngsters (aged 10-16): quizzes, computer games, puzzles and films. Hebrew and English, Monday and Thursday: 10 am-1 pm; Wednesday: 4 pm-7 pm. (Groups interested in summer activities are requested to prearrange their visit with the Youth Wing.) Entrance fee: IS 66; study areas and computer terminals: IS 10.

Exhibitions on Tour

1. The Jews of San'a - Menachem Kinyat Sheret, Holon.
2. Jewish Sites in Lebanon - Netivot.
3. Synagogues in 18th Century Germany - Auditorium, Haifa. In cooperation with Merkaz Hahesbara and courtesy of Israel Discount Bank.

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SEE "THIS WEEK'S"
REGULAR FEATURES



Shabtai Koneri as a journalist and Avi Pinit as a soldier in "Scoop," a Khan production.

SOMETIMES, being a theatre critic can be quite a bore. Last week, travelling from Tel Aviv to Haifa one night, and to Jerusalem the next, I asked myself on the way back if it was worth it.

There are two possible answers: first, it is a job, and should be done conscientiously, even if just for the sake of the record. The other, and more important answer, is that the pleasure of a few good performances outweighs the disappointment of the many bad ones, if theatre has importance for the critic.

I used the term "a bore" advisedly, for at least with the downright bad plays and productions, a critic can exercise his right to come down heavily on poor work which damages our culture. The really boring work is in productions for which there is a Yiddish term: *nisht uhn and nisht aher* - not really bad but nothing to write home about. They are quite numerous and embody the occupational hazard of the reviewer - mental fatigue.

AN EARLY LIFE by Frederic Raphael - Its Hebrew title is *Adam's Youth*, which has two meanings, since Adam is also the name of the protagonist - is now being performed by the Haifa Municipal Theatre, presumably because of its Jewish strands. It would seem odd, otherwise, to put work into a play whose main stress is on British class differences, sprightly dialogue, and the Oxbridge ambience. For it is well known that the Israeli theatre can't cope with these elements, even if, as in this case, the director, Michael Meicham, is British.

Frederic Raphael's novels and screen plays are clever, sensitive and incisive. These qualities scarcely survive the present production. Their suppression should be ascribed to its direction and acting. The sharp and deeply controversial dialogue, principally revolving around themes of belief and nihilism, sounds abrasive or merely disputatious, like most Israeli TV or radio "discussions." The civilities of upper-class behaviour are scarcely exhibited, though Ami Weinberg as the sleekly young son of the

Who cares?

THEATRE
Uri Rapp

family, and Miriam Givrieli as his mother, make a commendable effort. Tzila Danon has the role of Adam's girlfriend, a student; she plays the self-assured and straightforward young woman exactly right. The main problem is Sefi Rivlin. He slurs words, swallows parts of sentences, and is guilty of bad diction throughout, as are some of the other actors. In contrast, Alex Monte, who got his training abroad, and Gideon Shemer, an experienced and conscientious actor, demonstrate that everyday stage dialogue can be quite audible.

But Sefi Rivlin's principal failing is in his portrayal of Adam Morris. Adam is a young middle-class Jewish boy who gets into Cambridge, and penetrates upper-class society (by means of his roommate at Cambridge); he personifies both the will to assimilate, and the alienation of the outsider in England, which is the result both of class and of being Jewish in a snobbish milieu impregnated with a polite anti-Semitism. He typifies also the critical and sceptical Jewish character, in fact, *chutzpa* in his encounter with an Anglo-Catholic environment; and his insecurity and aggressiveness in the face of anti-Semitism.

The actor in this role should demonstrate his growth, his coming of age, through sexual experience, growing contact with the world, and the tragedy of the mortal illness of his closest friend.

Sefi Rivlin does not develop. He has a comic talent of a vulgar kind, and elicits a few laughs. But his acting, such as it is, is quite embar-

assing. It is difficult to see why the Haifa Theatre invited him as a guest actor in a major part, when almost any of its own actors (for instance, Yusuf Abu-Warda), could have done better.

Gideon Shemer, as Father Kenneth, handles the religious discussions sensibly and even-handedly. After the performance, I found myself wondering why I should be asked to care about these people.

AMLIN GRAY's *Scoop*, at the Khan Theatre, Jerusalem, is an American play written under the impact of the Vietnam war. It is about a young American journalist who comes to a country ruled by a dictator (for once, a woman) where a guerrilla war is being waged. He gets mildly involved in what he's come to report. There are only two actors: Shabtai Koneri as the reporter, and Avi Pinit as the different people he meets. Slides represent the scenery, the noises and voices are recorded on tapes. The result is that the actors seem redundant, and could just as well have been presented electronically. These are two good actors but wasted in this play, which has been directed by Dan Rosen. They have indifferent parts, and play them indifferently. I had the feeling they were themselves bored.

The plot lacks tension, and doesn't present us with the scoop the title leads us to expect. Or is the play trying to tell us that a search for scoops is self-defeating? Nothing really happens in this play. The beleaguered country is depicted in a way which won't appeal to the Israeli viewer, though it may be more valid for American playgoers. It won several prizes in the U.S. I find it difficult to understand why. It is badly composed.

The programme contains some interesting theorising though it can't justify the one-and-a-half-hour performance (which seems much longer).

THINKING of these two plays, I find myself wondering once again why we see so many indifferent plays here, when the repertoire contains so many excellent plays we never see.

"TURNING is like being born," says Neta Plotzki to an audience scattered around the stilling gym at the Tel Nardau school in Tel Aviv. "First you see the world this way and the world sees you. Then," she rotates 45 degrees - "like this." That burn-again sensation is what she wants her students to feel and convey.

She was introducing about a dozen of those students, in the first year at Nissan Nativ's Acting Studio, who were about to perform five-minute movement pieces they had choreographed for themselves. The audience was warned not to expect polished work.

"In fact, it's good when they totter a little and don't move smoothly from one clear-cut position to the next," said the teacher. "I want them to come out from between the forms."

Plotzki herself is a graduate of Nissan Nativ's school who recently studied in Denmark and Japan. On her return to Israel, she was hired by Nativ to teach. In her introduction she thanked him for taking the risk and hiring her "without knowing exactly what I do."

Plotzki was speaking for herself, but what she said seemed to characterize the Acting Studio as a whole: the turning, entering - not falling - and coming out from between the forms. This year the school is celebrating an anniversary - 20 years of existence, 20 years of distinctive disestablishment.

NATIV is a Dutchman whose manner is more ironic than effusive. He came to Israel as a boy at the beginning of World War II, and had his first theatre training at the Habimah Studio. He later studied mime with Etienne Decroux in Paris, directing at the Guildhall School in London, television at VARA studios in Holland.

In 1963 he led a group of theatre people in setting up the school in a Tel Aviv basement to train young actors as they saw fit, at a time when the established theatres were especially resistant to young intruders. It wasn't the first Israeli drama school independent of a theatre: Beit Zvi in Ramat Gan had been set up a few years earlier at the initiative of the Education Ministry's Public Council for Culture and the Arts. To this day the two schools have remained rivals for funds and manpower and each claims a longer list of successful graduates or a list that's shorter but successful.

Nissan Nativ's school gets a small subsidy from the Education Ministry, as well as some funds from the city, the America-Israel Cultural Foundation and the Tel Aviv Fund for Literature and Art. It still has no building of its own, though there was a fray with Mayor Lahat about seven years ago over a building - now the Neve Tzedek theatre centre - which Nativ says he was promised and then refused. Classes for the first- and second-year students are held in the Tel Nardau elementary school during afternoons and evenings, and the full-time third-year students meet in another borrowed building. The office is in Nativ's home, with meetings scheduled at Café Diza, across from the Cameri Theatre.

Beit Zvi, which has a film department in addition to stage, gets considerably more state support. Its fans will tell you Nissan Nativ runs a one-man show that attracts marginal types and emphasizes modern experimental work in its repertoire instead of solid three-dimensional character portrayal.

Man without a method



Nativ students in the 1975 production of "Jules et Jim" directed by Ernn Baniel (Below) Nissan Nativ. (Jasoor Agon)

And how could his students be dedicated to acting, they will ask, if they only study part-time for the first two years?

Nativ, in turn, complains that most money in theatre goes to "walls and names, people with establishment ties, the closed circle." Though he wouldn't mind having a few walls himself. He clearly is the dominant force in the school. He determines the repertoire for the third-year class himself, as the year progresses, varying the selection according to the results on previous productions. This year's total of seven included Shaw, Shakespeare and Belgian dramatist Michel de Ghelderode. One of the productions they did was *Orphans*, concocted by Michael Gurvitch, a graduate of the school who is on the staff. It included a lot of "flying through the air," as Nativ calls it. That made him add Shaw's *Too True to be Good* to the repertoire, "for text."

NATIV SAYS the afternoon and evening class schedule allows a variety of people to attend the school - new immigrants who study Hebrew during the day, those who work to support themselves or their families, some who are finishing other studies. It is precisely because of the difficult hours and conditions that his students are more highly motivated, he says.

"Each year I make a speech to the first-year class," he goes on. "I tell them: 'The existence of the school depends upon you. I can't draw the teachers here with my beautiful eyes. They come because they meet people they want to teach. A lesson can be a celebration. But if you bore the teachers or make problems, they simply won't come.'"

Whatever it is that brings the teachers to Nissan Nativ, it isn't the salary. He says a small group of senior staff - not necessarily senior in age - is included in policy decisions. He mentions Shlomo Bassan, Nicole Kessel, Gurevitch, Plotzki, Ernn Baniel and Rachel Shor. Nativ seems to have the last word in most cases, and sometimes the first word: in the three-stage grilling of appli-



The Post's MARSHA POMERANTZ talks to Nissan Nativ on the 20th anniversary of his acting studio.

cants to the school, he takes over the first stage, spending an hour preparing a text with each of hundreds of candidates, to see how they respond to coaching.

The second stage is a two-day workshop with teachers, observed by Nativ, and the third is a seven-hour marathon session, with all the teachers, and an audience is composed of third-year students who "wait two years for this revenge."

In the end, no more than 15 candidates are accepted for each class, but the drop-out rate during the three years is low. His screening methods are tried and tested: "Once I mimed the Habimah acting school," he says, "and learned how not to choose. I had a 95 per cent rate of error."

NISSAN NATIV and Beit Zvi are not the only drama schools. Seminar Hakibbutzim, the kibbutz college in Ramat Aviv, also has a theatre department, as does Tel Aviv University, though it is small and doesn't train actors.

One veteran critic of the arts who

seems to have no vested interest in either of the leading schools, says the results they get are very similar, however much the methods, personalities, atmosphere and budget may differ.

Methods? "Twenty years ago I had a method that took care of all problems," says Nativ. "By now I've forgotten it. Each time there's a new problem, I have to take a new look."

What precisely is so special about the man-without-a-method? None of his colleagues or former students could give a very satisfactory account. Some said he was one of the most honest people they knew. They trust him and expect a lot from him, and he doesn't disappoint them.

Whatever he's done in the last 20 years, it has elicited an amazing degree of loyalty, admiration, love and hard work from his staff and students - and doubt, disapproval and incredulity from "mainstream" theatre people and officials empowered to slacken the purse strings.

About three years ago, the Public Council for Culture and the Arts commissioned a study of drama training in Israel, to be conducted under the direction of Prof. Yehuda Elkana. The committee found drama study here piecemeal and wanting, and recommended pooling resources into one school, which would bring the best students together.

According to Avner Shalev, current head of the council, both schools at first opposed the merger, then Nativ agreed and Beit Zvi refused.

Nativ says a merger at the time would have given him more time to teach, act and direct. "Here I'm forced to be an administrator and I'm not good at it. I'm not nice."

He suggested a single school with two programmes of study: he wanted to maintain the afternoon and evening sessions as he conducted them in his school. That meant, in fact, that he wanted to preserve his artistic independence within the new school, while someone else took care of the book-keeping. The Education Ministry didn't see that as much of a merger.

Some officials said Nativ should continue if he wanted - but with no funds from them. In effect, that would have closed him down. According to Nativ, a general media outcry prevented the closure. Shalev says the public outcry didn't intimidate him: "Closing the national opera was harder, but I did it."

In any case, the decision was to maintain Nativ's subsidy "in real terms" but increase the investment in Beit Zvi.

Nativ insists the subsidy has been eroded by inflation: "Now the policy is to finish us off one slice at a time, salam-style." But it's a tough salam to slice.

MEANWHILE, the shows go on. The most recent was the graduation performance of the third-year class, a programme of theatre songs under the musical direction of Sandra Johnson. It ranged from *Man of La Mancha*'s impossible dream to the graveyard grooves of Hanchi Levin.

Sometimes the voices tottered - these are actors, and singing is a sideline - but often their versatility was impressive. So were their backgrounds. Among those on stage was a biochemist of Finnish extraction and a rubber-legged lawyer, age 23.

The performance was presented on a Friday afternoon at Tzviya Tel Aviv's Open Stage and late one night at the Hauman in Jaffa - late enough to allow some of the graduates of Nissan Nativ to get to this family reunion after their own theatre performances.

By midnight the cavernous hall was full of cigarette smoke and alcohol fumes and graduates bearing paper tags which identified them by year.

They filtered past the small tables and joked with their former teachers. There was Micky Warshawski, now in the Cameri's *True West*; Eran Baniel, recently elected chairman of the International Playwrights' Association; Reuven Dotan, who had just won a prize for a radio play; Tzviya Fishon and Kobi Assaf, who studied in different mime schools in Paris and worked together on projects ranging from *The Zoo Story* to a joint doctorate on principles of theatre and war.

On stage there were two comers: Nissim Dayan, who directed a recent, highly-praised TV drama series on a Syrian Jewish family, and Meni Pe'er, who did a stint as the mild-mannered host of TV's *Good Hour*. One of the central events was the auction of a handkerchief Nativ was in the habit of twirling as he watched students go through their paces. Pe'er reminisced about how many times the handkerchief had told him "You're okay, but you're not good enough."

In Café Diza a few days later, Nativ talked about the school's success rate: 80 per cent of the graduates get jobs in theatre, but often with fringe groups that offer none of the security of the big theatres. "I tell them to take advantage of the fact that they're young, and work with the people they want to work with - not be some bolt in the theatre machine, working for a salary."

"Defeat is good. It makes them do something new... After a few years they get tired. But then they can go into established theatre through the front door, not the back. By that time they can allow themselves to be salaried clerks on stage - but in fact, they won't be."

Mario Merz: a personal mythology

Meir Ronnen

THANKS TO the Betty and Edwin Bergman Visiting Artists Fund, internationally known Italian artist Mario Merz (R. Turin, 1925) has spent the last few weeks creating an interesting environment of paintings and a floor piece at the Billy Rose Pavilion of the Israel Museum.

Merz is one of a group of artists made known through the last few Documenta exhibitions at Kassel for having a "personal mythology." He is chiefly known as a maker of igloos, not of ice, but of metal, clay, stones and leaves, enigmatic constructions that hint not only of nomadic habitation but of a defined space interacting with the larger environment. At the last Kassel show Merz built an igloo from over a drainage channel in the Aue park; and it achieved a fortuitous poignancy when the waters unexpectedly rose and swept through it, a case of life not merely imitating art, but also enhancing it.

An "igloo" is the floor piece of the Merz display at the Israel Museum, but it is a rather less mysterious one this time. Neatly formed of aluminum tubing and chicken wire covered with equally neat pairs of clay and a few painted cyphers for birds' wings and leaves, the igloo doesn't project much mythology. As a sculpture, it lacks even the engineering interest of the true gendecis dome *a la* the late Buckminster Fuller.

More interesting — and truly eye-catching — are two huge charcoal and acrylic paintings by Merz. The one behind the igloo is on a huge stretch of linen wired to a frame of black tubing and depicts a huge mythical lion (?) in the violent neo-expressionist style associated with the Cobra school and other Belgian

and Dutch painting of the fifties and Sixties. The frame rests on hales of hay, which Merz sees as representative of our environment, the has been preceded by a number of Israeli artists in the matter of such hales, from Neustein on).

An even bigger work confronts the visitor on entry to the pavilion. It consists of two huge hieratic birds painted on a long stretch of linen attached to the wall, with the heads and tails of the birds projecting onto the wall itself, the wall below the work being covered with dribbles and swishes of paint that form part of the work as a whole. The birds, seen as from above their outspread wings, are depicted in full flight; and the bird's eye view from above the birds is enhanced by Merz's having stuck a few hales of hay on the wall, seen from their top. To put matters as simply as possible, the lookdown effect is seen in the vertical.

This huge virtual diptych is connected to another sheet on the entrance wall which contains a large line drawing and a collage. The drawing depicts a snail-shell spiral and is numbered with the Fibonacci series (which pretty much relates to the growth of the logarithmic spiral in both geometry and nature; and which are all related to the Golden Section). The collage contains the symbols for leaves and wings that appear on the igloo. The drawing therefore serves as a sort of symbolic introduction to all the rest, symbolic because Merz's spiral doesn't correspond to the true Fibonacci series and because his birds (one of them the metamorphoses of a tree; he may have changed his mind in mid-work) are not truly structured.

Merz may be trying to tell us something about the unity of nature (as curator Suzanne Landau hints in



Mario Merz: Igloo, paintings and assemblage at the Billy Rose Pavilion, Israel Museum.

her brief introductory note) but his lively, almost aggressive painted drawings are free of anything but

the very inchoate geometry or organized harmony. They are largely instinctive and they work chiefly

because Merz is obviously a born artist of both talent and temperament.

Grant Wood's American icon

Meir Ronnen

GRANT WOOD. The Regionalist Vision. By Wanda M. Corn. London and New Haven. The Minneapolis Institute of Arts and Yale University Press. In conjunction with the exhibition at the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. 168 pp. Illustrated.

GRANT WOOD (1891-1942) was a fine artist but not a great one; yet he achieved certain immortality with just one painting: "American Gothic," with its image of the dour farmer with a pitchfork flanked by his anxious spinster daughter, seen against their almost church-like frame house.

"American Gothic" has impinged itself on the American psyche more than any other painting or image, the Mena Lisa and the Uncle Sam poster notwithstanding. Wood is currently being honoured with a memorial retrospective at the Whitney Museum. Israelis going to New York this summer should not miss it (the show closes September 4).

Wood's story and artistic career are marvelously well set out in this informative and handsome book-catalogue for a show that

will also be seen in Minneapolis, Chicago and San Francisco. Wood spent the first ten years of his life on an isolated Iowa farm idealised and enshrined in his memory as an Eden from which he was banished when his stern, unloving father (likely the inspiration for, but not the model of, "American Gothic") died. Wood painted stern fathers but his real love was for his mother and his mother earth; and he painted the landscape as a sensual, live and loving thing, idealised into both formalised geometry and a *Saturday Evening Post* version of the Great American Dream. Wood held out a vision of plenty and hope, achieved through honest work.

Wood made a trip to Paris and Munich after the first World War. In Munich's Alte Pinakothek he saw the great Flemish paintings of peasant life. He resolved to do the same for his own Mid-west American. His "regionalist vision" struck a strong chord. His marriage of Breughel and Memling to archetypal American faces and images caught the spirit of the times. But the rise of modern art and the growing cynicism of unemployed Depression America found him out of step, even laughed at. He remained a bitter opponent

of abstraction until his premature death of cancer.

A generation later, one of the greatest of American painters, Edward Hopper, became an impressionist in Paris before returning to the States to deliberately build up his own vision of down-the-block America. Hopper, less rigid in technique though just as meticulous in composition as Wood, managed to inject into his urban landscapes of people and places an element of universality that the narrower regionalist vision of Wood failed to achieve. A more subtle colourist, Hopper was undeniably a greater painter. But Wood's blend of mythical and real America will no doubt go on touching American hearts when Hopper and the modernists are almost forgotten.

This delightful publication reminds us that Wood was also a skilled interior decorator and an accomplished teacher. It also contains some two score examples of how "American Gothic" has served satirical and political cartoonists as well as commercial designers. Successive American presidents and their wives have also appeared in this guise, in Jimmy Carter and Rosilyn's case with an apt pun: "Just Plains folks."



Grant Wood: "American Gothic," 1930, oils, now at the Whitney.



Hellenistic relief of man drinking and Egyptians drinking beer through a filtering "straw," bas-relief from Tel el Amarna (Museum Haaretz, Ramat Aviv).

Tipples of the Ancients

Gil Goldfine

IT'S A sobering fact to know that beer was the popular drink of the Mesopotamians some 3,000 years ago, for wine, pressed from grapes, was the reserve of kings, princes and noblemen until about 1,000 BCE, when wines flavoured from dates, figs and other local fruits became available in sufficient quantities to serve the masses. The entire fertile crescent from Assyria to Egypt followed similar patterns of making wine and brewing beer in ancient times.

In typical Museum Haaretz style, Gita Lehrer Jacobson and Ziva Simon, curators of the Glass Pavilion, have mounted an informative vest pocket exhibit entitled "Drinking Vessels from the Ancient World."

Rather than choosing objects from the museum storerooms and private collections, and arranging them chronologically, the curators have been given their choice of cups, pitchers and goblets additional credibility by placing them side by side with drawings, bas-reliefs, wall paintings and decorated vases from the Mediterranean cultures of Assyria, Canaan, Egypt and the Greco-Roman world. These clarify how the vessels were used as well as the methodology of wine making and brewing.

A central display of Greek red and black ware includes the classic

shapes: elegant kamharoi and shyphoi, a rare psykter (used for cooling wine), several decorated and plain terra-cotta amphorae and a richly adorned krater from the Greek provinces in Southern Italy.

This classical grouping is flanked by a half a dozen showcases arranged with a variety of pottery and glass drinking vessels and accessories, with written and diagrammatic explanations of the ancient fermenting, brewing and filtering systems. A cuneiform chart lists some recipes.

Although one is not overly awed by the uniqueness of the objects themselves, this kind of exhibit, because of its pre-determined objectives, becomes a successful and rewarding experience. The curators have been able to compress an involved subject into something thoroughly understandable. This continued popularization of themes that deal with antiquity by the Museum Haaretz brings the heritage of the land closer to us all. (Museum Haaretz, Glass Pavilion, Ramat Aviv).

"THE BOOK of the Hanging Gardens" is a photopoem by Susan Harris based on the works of the German poet Stefan George and set to music by Schoenberg in 1908. Harris, a resident of Lee, Mass., uses words and images to replay her story. Both are filled with a mysterious romanticism as ideas, concepts and light and shadow dance around the subject, leaving

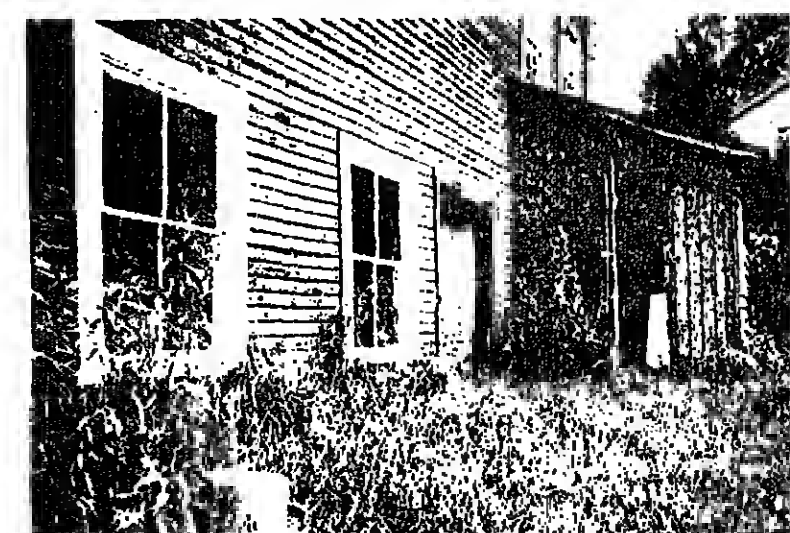
the interpretation to the viewer. When Harris immerses herself in the act of photographing, she does it very well. The key summer day observing it carefully inside a typical New England wood frame house can be touched. So can the deep shadows of an aged oak. One feels Harris positions herself as voyeur; and the viewer joins her in ritual "eavesdropping" on a trek somewhere in the heartlands of the Berkshire mountains.

Along the way, this writer would have preferred more black and white images and less literature in the form of headlines. But Harris seems to have the talent to challenge reality with a camera and change it into something else, for appreciation. (Gallery for Photographic Art, 19 Frishman, Tel Aviv). Till Aug. 24.



Hanna Shvily: landscape, mixed-media (Ella Gallery, Yemin Moshe, Jerusalem).

HANNA SHVILY (Zaitchek) shows boldly gestural drawings of landscapes that are a great advance on her previous work. Some are virtual tachiste abstractions; in others, we get a bird's-eye perspective of clumps of trees connected by ploughed lines. In others, a myriad of Ticho-like detail is organized with skill, the gestural details taking their place in the broad masses. Most of the drawings are in black and brown chalks, with the occasional and effective addition of a little near-sepia wash. A promising performance. (Ella Gallery, Yemin Moshe, 5-8 p.m. only. Closed Fridays. Till end August. MEIR RONNEN)



Susan Harris: photograph from "The Book of the Hanging Gardens." (Gallery of Photographic Art, Tel Aviv).

Net Gains



Work began last week on two all-weather, floodlit tennis courts at Ilan's Sports Centre for the Handicapped, in Ramat Gan. When the courts are finished in September, the Centre's 18-month old tennis programme is expected to enjoy increased popularity.

Meanwhile, nearly 100 of the Centre's 2,000-plus members are already playing wheelchair tennis, using facilities made available by the Israel Tennis Centre in Ramat Hasharon.

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Topol sinks back into the over-the-top stardom of the 1960s, when he was the Apollo Victoria Theatre in London, and to Victoria Station.

Behind him, the long row of bottles lined up on the mantelpiece, the bowls of fruit, the plants spread about, the patch of light with the thick rug, "I don't drink," he says, "but Dean Martin was here before me, let's face it, Haimtopol and the Tannet can't afford anything like this."

Two of the best bits in London these days are American musicals. One is *Fiddler on the Roof*, in the national setting of the splendid National Theatre. The other is a show that stars in Israeli, all about Jews, and is attracting audiences of all sizes, shades, and accents; there were endless queues at the box office even before the rave reviews appeared.

Haim Topol is back on the London stage in *Fiddler on the Roof*. 16 years after the show shot him to stardom. PEARL SHEFFY GEFEN reports.

The Apollo Victoria is a vast cavern of a theatre, the largest in London with 2,500 seats. The hall is full, the lobbies ring with languages from Japanese to jive, Swedish to Swahili.

Backstage before the show, Topol talks about his life at Tevye the milkman. His grandfather, he recalls, "was just such a character as we read about in the Shalom Aleichem stories."

"Am I too much associated with the role? Why not? Yul Brynner is associated with *The King and I*, Rex Harrison with *My Fair Lady*. It hasn't typecast me. After all, the Chichester Festival cast me in *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* and *Othello*."

Topol is relaxed, casual in an open-necked blue shirt, work pants and running shoes, slightly balding in the middle of his full head of brown hair, which he whitens nightly. His beard no longer needs artificial whitener. Several of the cast drop by, and Topol stuffs their pockets with fruit and presses the liquor bottles on them.

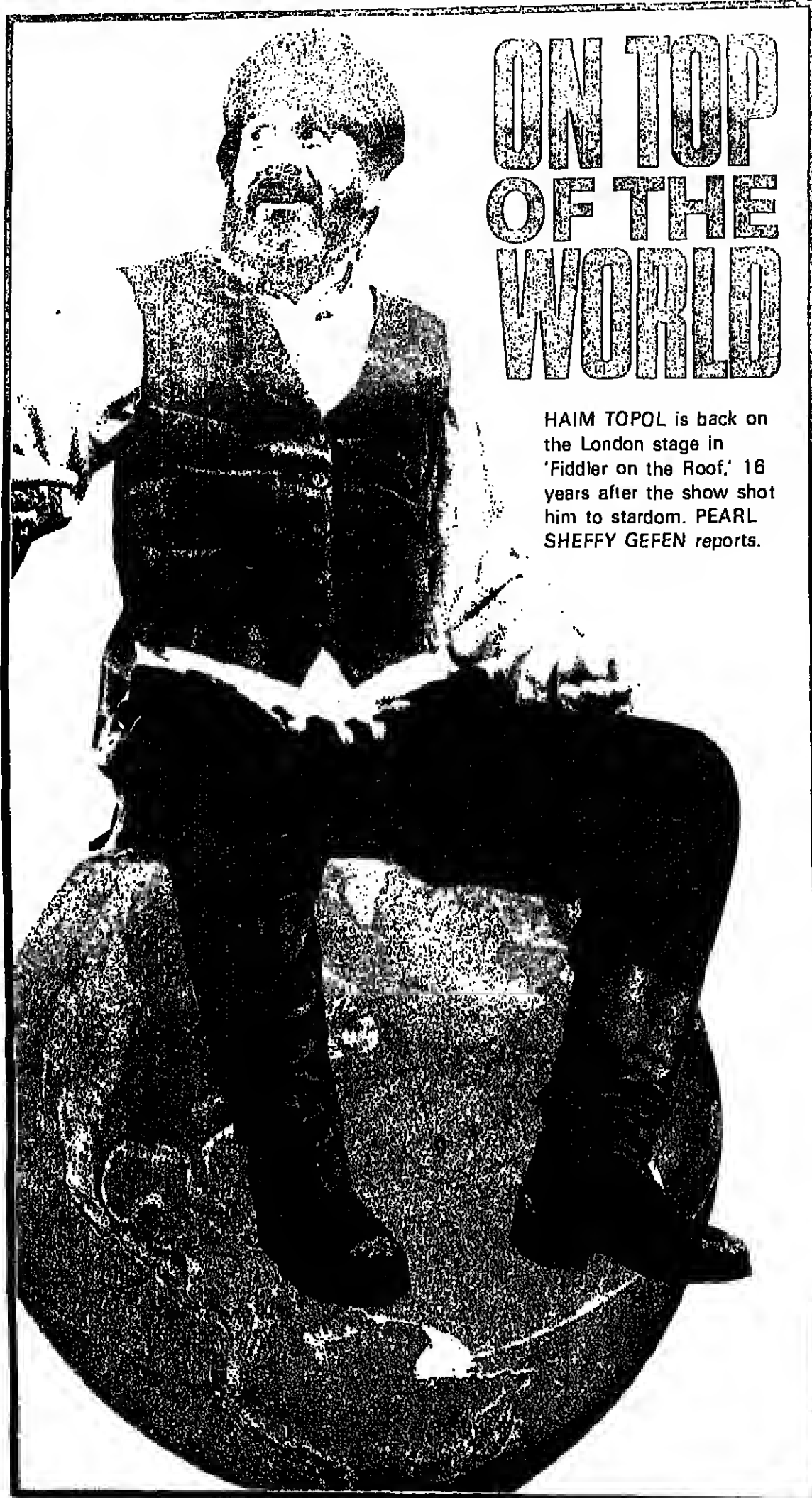
As he trudges from the toilet, luxuries but without a sink, on one side of the suite, to the bathroom on the other, muttering "what idiot designed this place," I corner his dresser, Barbara Toye. She is an out-of-work singer and looks after Topol's wardrobe. Part of her job is to keep pests out. "It's really *hutzpo* — a Jewish word I picked up — the way the fans pour in, claiming blood relations and mutual friends," she complains.

"Words like charisma are overworked, but they really apply to him," she maintains. "You feel a wall of power coming from him on-stage. He's the fourth most famous Jew in the whole world, after Moses, Ben-Gurion and Moshe Dayan." Begin runs a poor fifth.

Topol is neither religious nor superstitious, but his first act at the theatre was to put a mezuzah on his dressing room doorframe. When a crew member asked what it was, he replied: "A security device."

In a sense, it is. "I fancy myself as a planner," he says, "but if I'm really being honest, I know that 95 per cent of my success has been sheer luck, and I still say 'Thank God' and 'much wood!'"

REMEMBERING that Christopher Plummer once summed up his feelings about his starring role in the film version of *The Sound of Music* by telling me he called it "The Sound of Mucus," I ask Topol if he



ON TOP OF THE WORLD

HAIM TOPOL is back on the London stage in 'Fiddler on the Roof,' 16 years after the show shot him to stardom. PEARL SHEFFY GEFEN reports.

really likes *Fiddler*. He is emphatic: "It is one of the five best musicals ever written and one of the best parts for a male actor. I'm grateful to it. It brought me to the attention of the English-speaking world. I'm proud to be associated with it."

Topol was chosen for the 1967 London version of *Fiddler* by Harold Prince, producer of the original Broadway production. Prince had seen him play the canny, 60-year-old Sallah Shabati in the prize-winning Ephraim Kishon film of the same name, and had him brought over to audition for the London production.

Topol arrived and Prince was stunned. Not only did he speak no English, but he was 30 years younger than expected. But Topol then had appeared as Tevye in 30 performances in Israel (alternating with Shmuel Rodensky, whom he "greatly admired"); he had also learned the English words to the songs from the Zero Mostel record — and the job was his. That was in February, 1967. The unknown became a star overnight.

Four months later, the Six Day War broke out. The theatre was booked solid for the next six months, but Topol was back in Israel the day

after the war began. Six days later, he returned to *Fiddler*. He was named "man of the year" and "best foreign actor." Two million people saw the show over the next four years, even after Topol left it.

Since then, he has had many offers to do the show again. He didn't really want to, he says, until the Royal Variety Performance in London last fall when his appetite. There he sang "If I Were a Rich Man" for the first time in public since he made the film version of *Fiddler* for director Norman Jewison.

Sheridan Morley of *The Times*

says of his performance in the Royal Variety show: "Suddenly, what had been a routine procession of elderly stars in even more elderly showstoppers became a genuinely electrifying theatrical experience."

The producers thumped again, and Topol chose the one who offered him a limited season. *Fiddler* at the Apollo Victoria is booked for only 16 performances, but chances are it will be extended until the end of October.

HOW DIFFERENT is his Tevye now from that original performance? "First of all," Topol points out, "I'm now 48 and that much older and more experienced. In the 1960s, my own three children were very young, and now they're aged 17, 21 and 25, like the girls in the show, so that relationship is clearer to me. When I sang to Golde, the wife, 'Do you love me [after 25 years], it seemed odd. But now I've been married for 27 years, and it doesn't feel so long at all."

Does being an international star make a difference? "Well, you can't ignore all these trappings," he says, with a sweeping gesture, "but that's not important. For me, it means more responsibility. I have to support not only myself, but the cast of 40, the technical crew, the management, the ushers. They all depend on me, because the show is billed that way. Having my name above the title carries with it joy and pride, but also the burden of staying there. It's easier to reach that status than to maintain it for a long period. That takes effort."

Will he ever play Tevye again in Israel? He may. But in the meantime, the same team that recreated the Jerome Robbins production in London has left for Israel to put on a Hebrew version — with Topol's oldest daughter, Anat, playing Tzeitel to another Tevye.

Topol's Golde in the London show now is Thelma Ruby, wife of Peter Frye, who directed Topol's film debut in the Israeli movie, *I Like Mike*, and sister of *Jerusalem Post* contributor Geoffrey Wigoder. She says that Topol is "marvellous to work with, a generous actor in every way, and all the company loves him."

Sally Mates concurs: "This is the happiest cast I've ever worked in." She is one of the three cast members who had also been in the 1967 production. She played daughter Hodel then, and is Fruma Sarah now. She calls Topol "the definitive Tevye. He has such magic and he works so hard. He's an intelligent man, not just a beautiful film star, and he's even better now than he was in 1967. He's older and wiser."

"The show is more Jewish now," says Mates, who isn't Jewish herself, "because the main actors are Jewish. Last time, they were afraid to make it too Jewish. Now nobody gives a damn, because England has changed. The class system still exists, but it's less rigid."

WHICH brings up another issue. When Topol opened in London in 1967, Israel was everybody's favourite underdog. Now the situation is different. Or is it? Mates says it isn't: "Israel still has a lot of support in England."

"I asked this question myself," says Topol. "If the show brings any goodwill for the Jews or for Israel, this is the time to do it. We didn't need it in 1967. But it's a mistake to think that *Fiddler* enjoyed the success of the Six Day War and the admiration Israel had then for a few days or a few weeks. Because it didn't last much longer. Very soon



Scene from the 1983 production of 'Fiddler on the Roof.'

after that war, the world already didn't like us much."

Even things on the internal political scene in Israel haven't really changed since then, Topol maintains. "I don't belong to any political party, and I won't join one, especially the way all of them look today. The politicians always 'discover' new issues to argue about, but they're always the same old issues. We always had conflicts and divisions. I remember when I was sent by Mapai to disturb other political party meetings. I was a stupid youth of 17, and I went."

"What terrifies me now is that all judgment in our little country is being made through the narrow keyhole of the political party one belongs to. There's no objectivity whatsoever. I heard an official of the British Labour Friends of Israel recently telling a member of the Israeli Labour Party that some of the material they gave for distribution to British Labour members was actually anti-Israel. Do you know what this Israeli answered? He said, 'We have to bring down the Begin government any way we can.' Never mind what happens to Israel in the process!"

"People in the streets aren't depressed. We have reason enough to be depressed, with a millstone like Lebanon around our necks. Only in two or three years will we find out if it was worth it. But it's a situation that other countries, including England and the U.S., also have, in different ways. I'm not discouraged, except when I read the newspapers."

Is the press, then, responsible for the low mood in Israel? "I have no quarrel with the press," Topol says. "It's their duty to sell newspapers, and they sell them by reporting sensations. This is true all over the world."

"Just as we have an independent judiciary, which doesn't have to answer to anyone, the press should be independent too. But I would add that judges are also learned people. I'm not sure this is the case with the press."

Do we care too much about world opinion?

"We take too seriously what others say. We should listen and not ignore them, but we say worse things about ourselves. We feed most of the anti-Israel stuff to foreign reporters, some of it true, some exaggerated for political reasons."

"Everything is not fine and lovely, and we have to straighten things out, but thank God we are a democracy. Remember, we have never given a majority to any party in elections. Even Ben-Gurion never had more than 37 per cent.

We have to pay for that luxury in such ways as having El Al closed on Saturdays, and allowing us to make negative statements about ourselves, even if it hurts. It's a myment worth making, and I wouldn't want any form of censorship."

His satirical group, "Bazal Yarok" (The Green Onion), never suffered from censorship during its enormously successful run in the 1950s. Ephraim Kishon and Uri Zohar were part of the group, which criticized the waning of the pioneering spirit and aspects of army, kibbutz and city life. "In the '50s," Topol recalls, "when immigration was huge, we had people from many different cultures with little connection between them. There were the Jews from the mountains of Morocco and the desert of Yemen, from the European concentration camps and the villages of Rumania, and there was a real danger of confrontation between Ashkenazim and Sephardim. When Kishon wrote *Sallah Shabati* it helped defuse that confrontation through constructive satire."

Topol still sees Uri Zohar, that brilliant actor-comic-director who dropped out of the entertainment world when he became deeply religious. "It's beautiful what happened to him," says Topol. "It makes him happy. He wasn't happy before."

Born in Tel Aviv in 1935, Topol never intended to be an actor. "I was a printer in a printing house, and then I went to a kibbutz as a mechanic for heavy machines. Then, when I was in the army, I was ordered to become an entertainer, when an officer saw me clowning with my buddies."

After his stint in the Nahal entertainment troupe, he returned to Kibbutz Mishmar David. "I thought the acting bug was gone, but that was a mistake," he says. "After a year, we founded 'The Green Onion,' and when we became too successful, we left the kibbutz."

He turned to "serious" acting, playing Shakespeare and Brecht, "because serious actors had more respect, and I wanted respect. But I still think the hardest work is the satirical theatre and the light stage."

Now he spends four or five months a year in Israel, and the rest appearing in films, television and theatre abroad. He has won several acting prizes, including Golden Globe awards, Oscar nominations, and the David Donatello award (the Italian Oscar). His recent film and TV work has included appearances in *Wings of War* (with Robert Mitchum), *Gallien*, the James Bond film *For Your Eyes Only*, and *Flash Gordon*. His delightful performance

in *The Public Eye* was seen by Israeli audiences courtesy of Jordan Television, which, one might suppose, was unaware that the star of the play was Israeli.

Topol is co-director of the 'The Popular Theatre' (Teatron Amami) in Israel, and co-producer of *The Genesis Project*, a filmed educational series on the Bible that has been shown in 27 languages around the world.

He never does advertisements, but recently agreed to do one for El Al, "because I want El Al to be successful." The condition he made was that all remuneration be given to charity. "I wouldn't even take a free plane ticket," he stresses.

Charges are sometimes levelled against him — as against his friend Kishon — that he spends too much time abroad. "I'm not as sensitive as Kishon is about what people say," Topol shrugs. "I have no guilt feelings about working abroad. If anyone has a quarrel with me, that's their problem. My home is Israel, which for me is the most exciting country in the world. I don't use all my rights, but I fulfil all my duties."

Does he face jealousy because he's the most internationally known Israeli actor?

"I don't feel it. I think people are too wrapped up in their own lives and problems to be concerned about me or anyone else. What an artist is doing might be the most important thing in the world for him, but it's not for other people."

Does it matter what people say or write about him?

"Only those I care about. Moshe Sharret once said that, when he opened a lexicon or reference book, he first looked at the entry on Israel to see how accurate and objective it was. By this, he judged the entire book. Well, if I judge newspapers by the facts that I know, I wouldn't read them. But if you're working in the theatre or in films, you need the publicity, so it's part of my job, like doing my make-up or my morning exercises."

"I try to keep myself sane and hang on to a sense of proportion. You journalists make me feel very important. For weeks now, I've been asked my opinion on all sorts of things I don't know much about — like Tevye's rich man in the song — and after saying 'I think this' and 'I think that,' I have to work hard to bring myself back to earth."

He is planning a stage show in London next year, based on his autobiography, *Topol on Topol*.

He is also negotiating several film projects — "but you know, you can discuss 60 films and only one or two materialize." He was negotiating one in Rome with director Line Wertmuller when the Lebanon war broke out. He returned to Israel and served with his unit for 70 days.

Is he satisfied with his career?

"I wouldn't dare to answer," he muses. "A career doesn't go separately from life. I take what's offered to me if I think it's right for me. If I had managed my career cold-mindedly, I would have said to myself, 'Go sit in Hollywood because that's where the big films and the money are made. But I have a family and friends and a home and feelings about my country, so I have to navigate my life in such a way that I can look in the mirror and say I haven't betrayed any part of it.'"

"Only when I'm 70 or 80 will I be able to say, 'Yes, I did it right.' But as far as I feel now, thank God my kids are good, we're in good terms. I've loved my wife for almost 30 years, and my name still appears above the title. So perhaps I haven't made too many mistakes."

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A review of arts and letters in Israel

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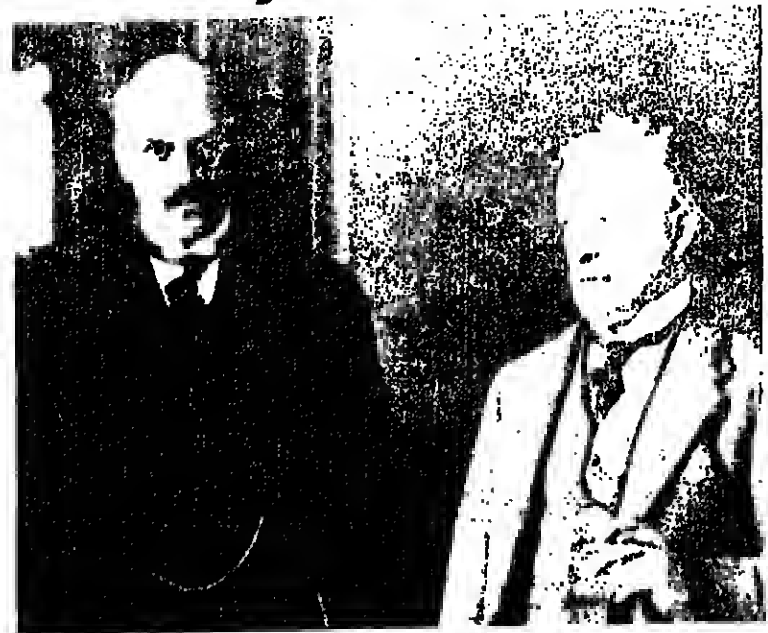
THE ZIONIST movement in its early phase was dominated by Ashkenazi Jews from Central and Eastern Europe, a fact which was reflected in various ways in its organizational structures, its ideological debates, Anglo-Jewry, however, for reasons which are made clear in this book, played only a minor role in the Jewish national renaissance. In spite of Theodor Herzl's vision of a Society of Jews, centred in England, which was to act as a collective Anglo-Moses leading the new exodus to the Promised Land, British Jews were slow to respond to the call.

Zionism, initially at least, had more success with the Gentile establishment of Victorian England than with the mainstream of Anglo-Jewry — with its spiritual leaders or patriotic elite. Neither the recognition in 1904, by the British Government, of the Zionist movement as a negotiating party, nor the 1917 Balfour Declaration, can be attributed to the efforts of English Jews, who by and large remained indifferent to Zionist doctrines.

Moreover, not only did the traditional anti-Zionist, "native" leadership of Anglo-Jewry remain intact, but the Old Guard was even able to re-emerge in the 1920s almost as if the Zionist revolution had never happened. This does not mean that English Zionism in its first 25 years of existence was a totally negligible political factor. But it does underline the difference between diplomatic success in a favourable Gentile environment (which owed much to the charismatic personality of the decidedly un-English Chaim Weizmann) and the conquest of the indigenous Jewish community.

AS DR. COHEN'S pioneering study reveals, English Zionism failed before 1920 to mobilize more than a small segment of Anglo-Jewry (between 56 per cent of the community), and it notably lacked the intensity, cohesion and radicalism of its similarly small counterpart in Germany. Until the Balfour Declaration a made little impact on various communal institutions (such as the Board of Deputies, the AJA, the United Synagogue etc.) and more surprisingly perhaps, left almost no mark on the immigrant Jewish masses. Dr. Cohen's explanation of this failure is both multifaceted and intricate, though not altogether

New Jerusalems



Cabinet member Edwin Montagu, a leading assimilationist, with Lord George.

ENGLISH ZIONISTS AND BRITISH JEWS. The Communal Politics of Anglo-Jewry 1895-1920 by Stuart A. Cohen. Princeton University Press. 349 pp. No price stated.

Robert S. Wistrich

satisfactory in its sketchy treatment of the impact of Jewish mass immigration from Russia and Poland on native English Gentiles and Jews. He rightly stresses the middle-class, professional character of English Zionism, its insularity, its absence of ideology and lack of charismatic leadership. This was a movement which from the outset adopted a Fabian strategy of incremental reform, of permeating communal institutions rather than challenging head-on the grandees of Anglo-Jewry. Its middle-class leaders had no intention of unleashing the immigrant masses against the West End plutocracy or of overthrowing the existing structure of the community. On the contrary, their ambition was to become the *arbiter* of communal institutions. Zionism, in the author's hard-headed sociological conception, was primarily an instrument for achieving this end. — *i.e. u*

ing, true, it presented perhaps a bit of the two halves, and it reflects the superficiality and materialistic philistinism of the Anglo-Jewish environment against which the Zionists did not seriously revolt.

BY CONTRAST, the anti-Zionists fare much better in Dr. Cohen's "revisionist" (in the historiographical sense) account, and are credited with a higher level of argument and ideological sophistication than their opponents. The cogently structured objections to Zionism of intellectuals like Lucien Wolf, Israel Abrahamson and Claude Montefiore receive careful and discerning attention — without any ulterior motives being ascribed to their dissent. This creates a certain imbalance in the treatment but has the merit of forcing the reader to take their positions more seriously than has previously been the case in Zionist historiography.

The anti-Zionists stressed the political benefits of British citizenship rather than the illogical concept of "Jewish nationality," the universalist message of biblical Judaism as against its tribal chauvinism, the superiority of a refined monotheistic faith to profane, secular nationalism. As Englishmen of the Mosaic persuasion, they emphasized their undivided loyalty to the land that had emancipated them. Albion was their Jerusalem, and political Zionism (as opposed to the conventional *noblesse oblige* of philanthropic activity) could, they believed, only jeopardize their status in England's green and pleasant land. It was therefore to be condemned as a reactionary anachronism seeking to repel the advance of modern Jewry and humanity as a whole towards greater liberty, progress and prosperity. On this issue, there was ultimately little difference between the views of the patrician Cousinhood, Liberal Reform Judaism and left-wing movements of social protest winning recent immigrants from Eastern Europe seeking to integrate themselves into British society.

Although the anti-Zionist case received a setback with Great Britain's sponsorship of Jewish national aspirations in Palestine — bitterly opposed by leading Anglo-Jews like Edwin Montagu — this did not represent a genuine victory for the Zionists in the communal

context. The seemingly pro-Zionist shift in the Board of Deputies in 1917, infinitely analyzed by Dr. Cohen, came about as a reaction to the authoritarian practices of its executive and to the oligarchy of self-elected persons who dominated communal life. In other words, it was part of a democratization process in which delegates demanded a greater share in the management of communal affairs, rather than a commitment to Jewish nationalism.

THIS IS only one of several myths successfully punctured in this penetrating and well-researched study, which reflects a growing interest in the local conditions under which the world Zionist movement developed and strove to win greater influence over Diasporic communities. Dr. Cohen's approach, by placing English Zionism firmly in the context of a contest for community control between old and new rising elites, where ideology serves primarily to rationalize class and power conflicts, illuminates a hitherto obscure chapter in Zionist history. Nevertheless, a number of unanswered questions remain. Can one separate the rise of English Zionism so sharply from the wave of anti-alienism in Britain at the turn of the century? Was not the lack of Zionist enthusiasm among the new immigrants to Britain connected with the insecurity of their position and their fear of exacerbating anti-Jewish agitation? Should Zionism not also be placed in the wider social and political context of late Victorian England in the age of imperialism, Boer War jingoism and populist movements challenging more established, oligarchical elites?

As Dr. Cohen points out, neither Zionists nor anti-Zionists in early 20th century Britain said much that was radically different from their counterparts in Continental Europe or America. Nevertheless, their confrontation took place in a different demographic, socio-economic, cultural and political framework, both in terms of the wider Gentile society and of Anglo-Jewry. It is surely a major task for future Zionist historiography to piece together the results of important monographs like Dr. Cohen's book, in a broader comparative setting that will highlight the role of Zionism as a whole in the modernization of Jewry. □

Little Jake Horner

ONIONS AND CUCUMBERS AND PLUMS: 46 Yiddish Poems translated and edited by Sarah Zweig Betsky. Detroit, Wayne State University Press. 259 pp. \$6.95.

Haim Chertok

modernism of Glatstein and Sutskever. One peculiarity of this woman-edited anthology is that the only woman-poet represented is Molodowsky. Any of half-a-dozen others — Anna Margolin or Rachel Korn, for example — might easily have found inclusion. Perhaps the 1958 date of the first edition helps account for such a skewing of Yiddish poetry toward the masculine. Betsky says in her new preface that she resisted the temptation to amend her earlier work; she defers to her younger student self who first conceived it.

In matters of selection and

translation, her decision seems indulgent, but the failure to update the biographical notes is simply a dereliction of duty. Why should a book published in 1983 leave the impression that Glatstein and Manger, who died over a decade ago, are still alive?

HOW GOOD are the translations? AS far as I can judge (with my scanty Yiddish), they are serviceable, but rarely fine. Consider Sutskever's grim "How?", first rendered by Betsky, then in a later version by Ruth Whitman:

How and with what will you fill your cup on the day of release? In your joy, are you ready to listen still to your yesterday's black shrieks where shards of days shudder in spasms in a bottomless, roofless chasm?

You will seek a key, instead, to fit your shattered locks.

You will bite the streets like bread and think: Earlier was better. And thus will quietly persist like a cricket closed in your fist.

And your memory will be compared to an old buried town, and your outward vision like a mole will burrow, dig down...

Betsky hews to the literal with her "shard" (*shorbn*) and "shattered locks" (*shrokhete shleser*), and maintains the end rhymes, but the ferocity and abruptness are better conveyed by Whitman:

How and with what will you fill your cup on the day of freedom? In your joy are you willing to feel yesterday's dark screaming, where skulls of dry congeal in a pit with no bottom, no floor?

You will look for a key to fit the lock shivered in the door. You will bite the streets like bread and think: It was better before. And time will gnaw you mute like a grasshopper caught in a fist.

They'll compare your memory to an ancient buried town. And your alien eyes tunnel down like a mole, like a mole...

Whitman's edge is notably clear, it seems to me, in the acidity of tone (her version could be a song from the *Three-Penny Opera*) and in her skillful closure of each section. For the favoured few, here's how the final lines of the original sound:

Un s'yet zayn dayn zikron gegikhhtsu un alter farshotener shit. Un dayn droyviker hikl set dori krikht vi o krot, vi o krot

Whatever the quibbles (I was scarcely overcome by Betsky's "mouselets" for "mice" in Manger's "Alone"), this was a path-breaking collection when it first appeared. The format makes us focus on the poems, and its reissue is most welcome. There are, after all, for gourmets of Pound or Shelley, a hundred vendors of parsley, sage and rosemary, but there are few hawkers of onions, eulkes and plums for admirers of Grade and Glatstein. □

WELL-BORN young women of great beauty can go a long way on their looks and name, but it takes a mixture of character, determination, personality and stamina, not to mention various talents, to turn them into objects of general admiration and even adulation.

Lady Diana Manners had a head start: ostensibly the daughter of the Duke of Rutland (but most likely the daughter of one of her mother's most dashing lovers, Harry Cust) she was once mooted as a match for Edward VIII (whom she thought unintelligent and rather common).

Diana was one of the great beauties of her age — and one of the most dashing independent. Though a life-long panhandler and sponge, she married for love instead of money, in the face of fierce parental opposition. For years she supported her husband in the sybaritic style to which he was accustomed by working incredibly hard as an actress, touring with *The Miracle*. She made a profession of being a socialite and later that of an ambassador's wife. A confidante of the powerful, she shamelessly used her wiles and connections to pull strings to further both her husband's and her son's careers in the Foreign Office. Diana beguiled everyone she met; she was also incredibly unselfish and a loyal friend. The duke's daughter repaid the largesse of many a *parrain* with loyalty and friendship. She was the epitome of the elegant mutual backscratcher.

The original Lady Di married Duff Cooper when he was a virtual nobody, with only a good D.S.D., 1918, to his name. He eventually became First Lord of the Admiralty, later a wartime trouble shooter for Churchill in Algiers and the Far East (with the unshakeable Diana in tow) and was subsequently rewarded with the Paris embassy; he retired with a peerage. Duff Cooper is remembered in this country as an early supporter of Zionist aspirations (mentioned in this book); Ziegler's quotes from Duff's diaries show him to have been a quite virulent anti-Semite, with the "typically British upper-class distaste for Jews." Duff would indulge in anti-Semitic invective when friends like Edwin Montagu declined to lend him a Rolls-Royce.

Diana, on the other hand, revelled in Jewish company, from Montagu to Max Reinhardt and Hollywood agents, though both Coopers found couples like the William Paleys and Jack Warners rather wearing. Diana was curious about everybody and everything; most people, even Duff's lovers, felt she really cared about them.

In a book replete with delicious gossip about virtually all the Who's Who of the last 50 years or so, the most curious and touching revelation is the account of the lifelong love affair between Diana and Duff, despite the latter's constant infidelities and her own — very occasional — flutters. On two different occasions Diana happily encouraged a *ménage à trois*, maintaining a warm relationship with the other woman. There was simply never any doubt that Diana and Duff loved each other best and enjoyed each other's company more than anyone else's.

Sex does not seem to have been a prime mover in Diana's life. She

Delicious gossip



DIANA COOPER by Philip Ziegler. Harmondsworth, Penguin. 384 pp. £3.95.

WITH LOVE: An Autobiography, 1938-46 by Theodora Fitzgibbon. London, Pan. 233 pp. £3.25.

A CACK-HANDED WAR by Edward Blisshen. London, Hamish Hamilton. 230 pp. £3.95

Meir Ronnen

she really cared about them. In a book replete with delicious gossip about virtually all the Who's Who of the last 50 years or so, the most curious and touching revelation is the account of the lifelong love affair between Diana and Duff, despite the latter's constant infidelities and her own — very occasional — flutters. On two different occasions Diana happily encouraged a *ménage à trois*, maintaining a warm relationship with the other woman. There was simply never any doubt that Diana and Duff loved each other best and enjoyed each other's company more than anyone else's.

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was flattered, not annoyed, when kings and ministers and famous authors put their hands up her dress (practices which continued into her old age). Ernest Bevin, a frequent guest at the Paris Embassy, who kept Duff on partly because of Diana, tried to seduce her in the embassy elevator. But what Diana really wanted was not sex, but diversion, constant excitement, the stimulation of stimulating people. Like a shark, she had to keep moving or sink. It was a characteristic of her class. She also battled lifelong bouts of melancholia. She was inconsolable when Duff, worn out with a surplus of wine, women and food, died an early death, internally bleeding away for lack of hospital attention while on a transatlantic cruise. But she lived on to seek more diversions. She once wrote to her son: "It's not in my nature to be quiet. I live on wealth within me." Diana, however, had great wealth within her. She was a wonderful diarist and, in old age, produced three acclaimed volumes of autobiography on which much of this book is based. Ziegler, who despite his name, is of Eton, Oxford, the Foreign Office and a respectable publishing house, was eminently well placed to deal with Diana. Some of his account is

based on interviews with her. His biography is scintillating, marvelously well written, a riotous read from beginning to end. Yet it is Diana's own wit and insights that shine from every page. The quotes from her diary are worthy of Wilde and the richness of her prose matches Ziegler's.

Nobody may care any more about an historically insignificant woman named Diana ("Ruby") Manners. But this biography is a frank look behind the scenes at the upper crust who ran our lives for so many years. There are fascinating (and sometimes horrific) glimpses of the great and the pretentious, from Wallis Simpson to Winston Churchill, both in and out of office. Much of it reads like pure Evelyn Waugh; and the offensive Waugh himself slithered slimily in and out and back into her life again and again. So did the even more offensive Randolph Churchill. The cavalcade of characters and images runs from Cocteau to the cleft in Marilyn Monroe's bottom. Altogether, the best read I've had in years.

THE WDRD Bohemian has passed out of usage in a world in which the beatnik and the laid-back unemployed have come to form such a large proportion of the population; and in which the artist has not only become respectable, but often financially envied. The upper and lower classes in pre-war Britain, where Diana Cooper was always good press copy, mistakenly thought her bohemian. One of the last real contacts with pre-war bohemia was made by author-journalist Theodora Fitzgibbon, who began her subsequent successful career in letters as an acquaintance of the great pre-war Paris largely on the strength of her young and aristocratic good looks.

Theodora's entry was achieved through her first real love affair with a talented Paris-based photographer named Peter Rose Pulham; the liaison lasted nearly five years. She came from a middle class family of Irish origin but writes with the effortless ease of someone with a far better upper-class education, though in fact she is simply a graduate of the school of hard knocks. She must have always given everyone the impression that she was an aristocrat, though she and Peter often starved in a manner that would have done credit to a chapter of George Orwell's *Down and Out in Paris and London*. All this in between meeting with the likes of Picasso and Cocteau.

Theodora's account of their escape from France to Britain; and of what it was like to live (and drink) through the Blitz; to be blown out of one's bed; and to improvise meals in a hungry England, all forms one of the most vivid memoirs of the Blitz I have ever read.

Dylan Thomas makes a number of cameo appearances. Theodora saw him as a poet, sponge and coward during the Blitz but she clearly admired him as a talent; she remained a friend.

THEODORA played bit parts in wartime films. One was partly set in Nazi Germany and filmed in a football stadium bedecked with red, white and black Nazi flags. The cast scattered when a lone German bomber swept down. Theodora had time to wonder what the bemused German pilot must have made of the scene.

Theodora parted amicably from Pulham when, in 1943, she fell in love with huddling author Constantine Fitzgibbon, then a captain in the U.S. army and a liaison officer to the British forces, capitalising on his Oxford background and accent. Her memoir concludes with a depressing account of what it was like to sail to America as a war bride. We are left to wonder why and how their marriage ended; and how she ended up as the author of 25 books; and the cookery editor of *The Irish Times*, married to an Irishman. Perhaps she will give us another volume. But I doubt if it could be as fascinating as this one.

EDWARD BLISHEN, author, journalist and broadcaster, gives us a very different view of the war (originally published by Thames and Hudson in hardback in 1972). A conscientious objector (his motives are never satisfactorily explained) he was conscripted into the Land Army, digging ditches, hedging fields, harvesting crops; and usually bested by Land Girls and Italian and German prisoners-of-war. He was eventually posted as handyman to a Land Girls' Hostel, but does not seem to have had the gumption to take advantage of even that situation. Nevertheless, his plethora of anecdotes are composed with wit and style and his memoir is formed into a literary set-piece. Personally, I was unable to overcome my distaste for someone who was more concerned with "overthrowing the system" — something he never got around to anyway — than in fighting to keep Britain and the world free of Hitler and his unspeakable gang. □

Consuming belief

FIRE IN THE MINDS OF MEN by James Billington. New York, Basic Books. 677 pages. \$19.95.

Louis Rapoport

opened on the square by the Marquis de Sade, whose Satanism reflected the reality of the life around him.

Sexual and political freedom reigned (some thought they reigned 200 years later). This "intoxicating ambience of an earthly utopia" explains the ability to mobilize mass emotion.

Hedonism, illusion, fantasy and the occult were powerful forces that combined with revolutionary, political and intellectual developments.

JOURNALISM was a principal breeding ground for the new religion of revolution, and the importance of Nicholas Bonneville's "aragular journalism" is given its proper due. Bonneville has been largely overlooked by historians because his quest was for "legitimacy, not power," while modern scholars are more interested in a Darwinian struggle among political factions.

Journalism assumed a priestly function in the new faith, and Victorian London became its "holy city." Goodwyn Barnly described the media as replacing Jesus and Socrates. Proudhon, Marx, Belinsky, Herzen and Chernyshevsky formed part of the long line of "newsmen" that led to Lenin's *Spark*, and to Rosa Luxemburg, who orchestrated a movement top-heavy with journalist-intellectuals.

Billington discusses the occult influence on revolutionaries, and the role of secret societies and of Freemasonry. But he doesn't discuss the Nazi revolution — the supreme example of a fusion of black magic and politics, of secret pyramids of power with an authoritarian Christ at the top. He notes that this area — occultism and politics — is generally "uncongenial" to historians, and perhaps this is why he ventures only so far.

The two traditions, social and national revolution, were never able to understand each other, nor do they today. Billington also chronicles the clashes between Marx and Proudhon, which recur today in the debate between collectivist and libertarian schools of the Left.

This very serious and worthwhile book appears refreshingly free of sacrifices to the author's own ideological gods. □

MANY half-baked, tendentious analyses have been made over the past year between Israel's involvement in Lebanon and the U.S. involvement in Vietnam. One highly inartistic parallel that has not, to the best of my knowledge, yet surfaced concerns the performance of the foreign press in reporting the confusing, complex and turbulent events of these crises.

Braestrup's book is about how the American press and television reported the 1968 Tet crisis, the large-scale assault mounted by the Vietnamese and North Vietnamese forces in February and March on cities and military bases in the south. The author, who was Saigon bureau chief for *The Washington Post* at that time, reaches a harsh conclusion concerning the performance of the major papers, news-magazines, wire services and TV networks:

"Rarely has contemporary crisis journalism turned out, in retrospect, to have veered as widely from reality. Essentially, the dominant themes of the words and film from Vietnam... added up to a portrait of defeat for the allies. Historians, on the contrary, have concluded that the Tet offensive resulted in a severe military-political setback for Hanoi in the south. To have portrayed such a setback for one side as a defeat for the other — in a major crisis abroad — cannot be counted as a major triumph for American journalism."

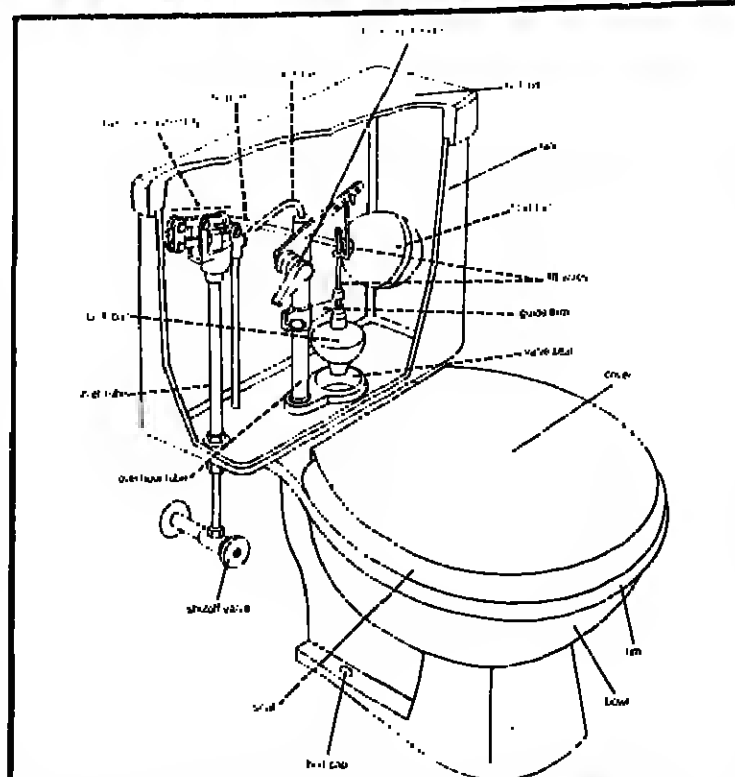
Taking into account the objective conditions of Tet that worked against accurate, restrained reporting — the initial surprise attacks, the emotional reactions of reporters without combat experience suddenly exposed to death and destruction in civilian settings, and so forth — he reaches the conclusion that the poor overall performance was due to many of the inherent characteristics of American journalism. Precisely for this reason, "it could happen again."

Even though the final verdict is not yet in on the performance of the foreign press in Lebanon, enough evidence has accumulated to permit the tentative conclusion that it did happen again, not only to the American press but to most of the foreign press. This generalization would apply to reporting and analysis during the main phase of the fighting, from June through September.

FOR MOST of the world, yesterday's newspapers are for wrapping fish. For Braestrup, however, they proved to be a virtually inexhaustible source of information, along with yesterday's wire service reports, the transcripts of TV newscasts and correspondence, and back issues of *Time* and *Newsweek*.

In painstaking research that took him several years, he compared reporters' original stories with what ended up in print, interviewed dozens of reporters and editors, drew on his own on-the-scene experience during Tet, and compared the journalistic version of events with what military historians have determined that "really happened." His original study was two volumes, while the abridged version is a mere 520 pages of text.

For all its thoroughness and importance, it is a hard book to get through. The reader is forced to wade through lengthy excerpts of news reports whose minutiae might be clear for a journalist but not to the general reader. One hopes that it has been placed high on the required reading lists in schools of



"What's What: A Visual Glossary of Everyday Objects from Paper Clips to Passenger Ships" (Ballantine, \$15.95), edited by Reginald Bragdon Jr. and David Fisher, tells you the correct name of the doodle on the end of an umbrella or the gizmo that holds a lightbulb in a lamp. Over 25,000 what-kanonals appear, fully indexed, in 1,500 illustrations. A.B.

Poor performance

BIG STORY by Peter Braestrup. Yale University Press, 613 pp. Abridged paperback edition. No price stated.

POWER OF THE PRESS: Twelve of the World's Influential Newspapers by Martin Walker. New York, the Pilgrim Press, 401 pp. \$20.00

Charles Hoffman

journalism, for there it can probably do the most good.

SOME of the failings exposed which are relevant to Lebanon include the tendency to exaggerate the impact of the fighting on civilians while failing to put what is witnessed in proper perspective; ignorance of the weapons, strategy and tactics of the protagonists; a "herd instinct" pushing journalists to the main arenas of the "action," thus neglecting important but less dramatic stories on the periphery; the penchant to seize the most dramatic elements in a situation and present them as a "microcosm" of the entire war; inadequate background knowledge about the country and its society; and the tendency to indulge in "retribution" against official sources whose credibility has been tarnished.

The last point deserves amplification, since it affects journalistic objectivity in almost every encounter between a reporter and official sources. Much of the information provided by such sources cannot be immediately verified, and reporters must live with the uneasy feeling that they are being used, which they usually are. On the rare occasions where the authoritative facade of the official sources cracks, thus exposing the distortions and lies that often pass for "information," an irresistible urge takes over to "punish" the sources for their past sins. Future statements are treated with suspicion and the sources are

made to look bad by means of a variety of journalistic tricks.

This happened to the Johnson administration during Tet, which in the months before the attacks had been conducting a campaign to show "progress" in Vietnam. Before Tet, reporters had to print official assertions perceiving "the light at the end of the tunnel," with no way to test their credibility. Tet gave reporters in Saigon and Washington the opportunity to exact revenge. Nevertheless, much of the misinterpretation of the offensive was not deliberate, but was rather the result of a newly-entrenched disposition to look for evidence contrary to official claims of enemy setbacks.

I would venture that the credibility of the Begin-Sharon government even before the war in Lebanon had sunk to a low level among journalists and public opinion abroad, so that the outbreak of the fighting merely provided a catalyst or an opportunity for a collective tendency "to believe the worst."

IN HIS conclusion, Braestrup writes: "By the time the fog of war began to lift later that month, the collective emotions of the major media were producing a kind of continuous block fog of their own, a vague conventional 'disaster' image which few newsmen attempted to re-examine and which few new managers at home sought to question." Sounds familiar?

The author is particularly scathing in his analysis of the distortions conveyed by TV film reports and takes many a good swipe at the TV anchors who rendered their nightly pontifical judgments mainly on the basis of wire service reports that were rewritten mish-mashes of second and often third-hand reports from Washington or Saigon. The rewriting was first done in Saigon from official "handouts," then jazzed up in New York to catch the eye of the jaded and harried foreign news editors in papers

around the country, then rewritten again by the TV editorial staff before being presented as gospel truth by the likes of Cronkite, Huntley and Brinkley. Each successive rewrite sacrificed accuracy and nuances to the needs of drama and "originality."

Those who remember *Time* magazine's coverage of the "destruction" of Beirut last summer will be intrigued to learn that it comes away with high marks from Braestrup for its Tet coverage. But this is only because the senior editors in New York were divided at that time over whether to slant the news in a pro-war or anti-war direction. Thus the editors introduced less interpretation and prognostication than usual, and relied more on the reports from the field.

WHAT BRAESTRUP has done for the coverage of Tet should be done for the coverage of the relatively sudden collapse of the regime of the shah of Iran, which was much shakier than most journalists and governments realized. The book by Martin Walker on 12 of the world's "influential papers" attempts to do this, but fails.

Actually, the book is devoted mainly to brief histories of major newspapers ranging from the *New York Times* and *Die Welt* to the *Rund Daily Mail* and for some strange reason *Pravda*, focusing on the relations between the papers and the political powers. The chapter analyzing each paper's coverage of Iran during the 1970s concludes the book.

Walker, who is a correspondent for *The Guardian*, attempts a much broader evaluation of press coverage than Braestrup does, but with much cruder analytical methods, and tries to cram the results into a much smaller space.

Even the premise underlying his critique of the 12 papers' coverage of Iran is highly questionable. They are judged against the following standard: "A great newspaper should be so analyzing the economic and social forces at work in a particular country, so in touch with its political movements and the mood of its citizens, that readers should be in a general sense prepared for tomorrow's headlines."

Not surprisingly, most of the papers fail to measure up to this exacting standard, except for *Le Monde*, which printed reams of reports on social trends in Iran throughout the 1970s.

It seems both unreasonable and unhealthy to demand this sort of performance from the daily press. Newspapers are often at their worst when they attempt to indulge in "instant" sociology and history. Indeed, Braestrup's book shows what disastrous results occurred when reporters who were not academically-trained experts attempted instant assessments of the "psychological impact" of Tet on the Vietnamese, of the consequences of the attacks for the "pacification" programme, or the strategy of the "wily Gaps," commander of the North Vietnamese forces.

A more realistic and constructive basis for evaluating press performance in Iran would have been to see how well the media identified and assessed the significance of the trends and forces that emerged in the turbulent period towards the end of the shah's reign. Reporters should not be in the business of ferreting out trends that converge only years later into major social upheavals.

Lurid prose

CONFESSIONS OF A WASHED-UP SPORTSWRITER by Gary Cartwright. Texas Monthly Press, 101 pp. \$15.95.

Richard Penniman

"LET ME make one thing plain: most sportswriters have no business in journalism. They are misfits looking for a soft life. The worst sportswriters are frustrated athletes, or compulsive sports fans, or both. The best are frustrated writers trapped by circumstances." Certainly the author, Gary Cartwright, places himself in the latter category. *Confessions of a Washed-Up Sportswriter* is a collection of magazine pieces that diverge a good deal from sports commentary. Portraits of Jack Ruby (the man who killed Lee Harvey Oswald), of the legendary stripper, Candy Barr, and the private investigator, Jay L. ("looks instead of hands") Ames are interspersed with accounts of the accidental drowning (while on his horse) of the cowhand made famous by Marlboro cigarette commercials, and the killing of a homicide, twentieth-century, Texas Ranger. Then there is the story of a welfare family in an exceedingly non-welfare state (Texas, of course), and a fond recollection of Cartwright's early days with the original Fort Worth Press.

This book, in essence chronicles and sometimes celebrates the violent side of Texas (is there any other?), and Gary Cartwright paints in lurid colours. His stories are full of "hittles, boozie, blood and broads." Cartwright's own attitude seems closely akin to the dawn and outers he writes about. Candy Barr made a porno film in 1955 while still a teenager. Cartwright recalls, "There had never been anything like it, and for my generation there never will again. All of us had seen sting movies before, thread-bare hookers sweettugging with some jerk hung like Croggin's mule, but this was different; this was a beautiful fifteen year old sweetheart type and you could just tell she was enjoying it."

CARTWRIGHT'S PIECES indicate his acceptance of the seamy world he inhabits. There's no muckraking to be found in these pages. The author frequently mentions his own liking for alcoholic beverages and cannabis while recounting the frailties of others. The prevailing atmosphere is cheap carnage, and Cartwright's own condescending compliments both the big city chisellers and the small town "poor white trash."

Cartwright fails only when he attempts to be quiet. "There is a Marlboro sunset as I slide back along the mud road and turn toward Guthrie. Two horses in the road ahead turn flank and trot off into the brush. There is a silence that lasts forever — if there were such a word, forever. A windmill is silhouetted against the dark fire of the horizon, and I can't help thinking it's a thing way home."

At one point, pouring herself yet another glass of Christmas cheer, Mary offers this toast: "Well, here's to God." Everyone is shocked, even after Mary explains: "It's his birthday." The point is well made: the quintessential British family celebration is rendered pretty well meaningless when everything holy in British tradition is dead and gone. Ellis strongly suggests that the little lost Robin, so gifted, so beautiful, so promising, represents a teddybear England that, whether it ever really existed or not, is sorely longed for today. Her implied message is one that the British have heard very often of late, yet not often enough to take to heart: get over your mourning and get on with it.

Shop mouse

THE BIRDS OF THE AIR by Alice Thomas Ellis. London, Penguin, 152 pp. £2.25.

S.T. Meravi

ALICE THOMAS ELLIS'S previous novel, *The 27th Kingdom*, was shortlisted for the 1982 Booker Prize. Her latest novel runs less a chance of being shortlisted as it does blacklisted.

Ellis takes the quintessential British setting — the family gathering for Christmas — and kneads it into the blackest of comedies. With ruthless economy, she has crafted her book beautifully. She has also made it very funny. To triumph over her cliché plot situation, she has moreover filled the book with keen and original observation. These virtues aside, however, her book remains downright subversive.

The holiday predictably culminates in the classic dinner disaster. The food is inedible, the menfolk are unhearable, the women are pissed and pathetic, the children — well, they should neither be seen nor heard, ever again. The neighbours are sticks. In her speech on the telly, the Queen appears a right dunce. It even snows at the wrong time. As for England — ah, England, from top down and middle onwards:

"The totem of the English was a small animal — furry, stuffed and articulate, Winnie the Pooh (the distance) for the English middle class... Even the leaders of the political parties had come to resemble little animals. On the left an old teddy; his smiling, his credibility, leaning a little now. On the right a mouse — a shop mouse, her head stuck in a yellowed meringue, a mean little mouse bred on cheese rind and broken biscuit and the nutritious, platitudinous purings of a gourmet's mind..."

WHAT SAVES this novel from being just another satiric romp through the English suburbs is the brooding presence of Mary Marsh, who has recently lost her little daughter Robin.

We are told virtually nothing of this child other than that she was illegitimate, and we know nothing of the circumstances of her death. Everyone tiptoes around Mary, believing Robin's death has unhinged her. Yet while the family may know all the facts of the case, the reader alone is informed of Mary's state of mind. She is not so much mourning as she is unguished by her inability to find an intellectual means of coming to terms with her grief.

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THIS WEEK'S EVENTS THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM 27 SHAUL HAMELECH BLVD. TEL. 257361 August 6-11

EXHIBITIONS
HENRY CARTIER-BRESSON — PHOTOGRAPHER

(Opening Tuesday, 9.8. at 8.00 p.m.)
About a hundred and fifty photographs by one of the major photographers of the century, which constitute a representative selection and a summation of nearly fifty years of photography. The exhibition is presented in cooperation with the International Center of Photography, New York, and was made possible by a grant from the American Express Foundation.

PICASSO: SUITE VOLLARO
A series of one hundred prints (1930-1937) by Picasso which deal with several themes: *The Circus*, *The Bull Fight*, *The Female Nude*, *The Minotaur* and others. From the collection of the Israel Museum, Jerusalem, gift of Mr. Isidore M. Cohen, New York.

A. R. PENCK. EXPEDITION TO THE HOLY LAND. A graphics portfolio.

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JEAN COCTEAU, with Remi Fouts, Ronan Bentel, Jean Jacques Goldberg, Yehi Aviner, Malka Spiegel and guest artists. A special programme for the Tel Aviv Museum, with excerpts from films made by the group incorporated in a live performance. Thursday, 11.8. at 8.00 p.m.

DANCE
THE RINA SCHENFELD DANCE THEATRE. Last performances of her programme, "Scripture on the Wall" in the Museum plaza. Sunday 7.8. at 8.30 p.m. and Monday 8.8. at 8.30 p.m.



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The Contemporary Cinema of Brazil
In cooperation with Endimol, the Film Company of Brazil.
SWEET BARBARIANS. Gail Davis, Maria Ochoa, Camille Velasco and Gilberto Gil in a film documenting their concert tour. Saturday 6.8. at 10.00 p.m.
NEOW. A poem written during the domination of the culture by another. The minimalist film. Marcos Magalhães in colour, 8 mm. Will be screened twice each film.

THE KISS (Bruno Barreto, based on Nelson Rodrigues play music Garcia Cantarelis). 1981. 80 min. Tuesday, 9.8. at 8.00 p.m.

PARAIBA. MACHO-WOMAN (Tizuka Yamasaki, music Paulo Moura 1983. 100 min.) Tuesday, 9.8. at 10.00 p.m.

THE KINO BOURGEOIS (Paulo Thiago, music Paulo Moura 1983. 90 min.) Wednesday, 10.8. at 8.00 p.m.

THE MAGIC CHARM OF OGUM (Nelson Pereira dos Santos, music Jorda Ma-ale 1978. 90 min.) Wednesday, 10.8. at 10.00 p.m.

FILM FOR CHILDREN

THE HUMPBACKED HORSE (Russia, 1965. 85 min. in colour, French with Hebrew and English subtitles). The classic Russian animation film. Sunday through Thursday, at 11.00 a.m.

Regularly

YOL (The Way) (Turkey, 1982. 111 min. in colour, Hebrew and English subtitles). Awarded the Golden Palm and the International Critics Prize, Cannes, 1982. Only at 1.30. 7.15.

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